NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND H. HASTINGS WELD,—EDITORS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

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Hallowell Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
Hinsdale—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

LINES

Written to a friend, on learning that he had assumed the Pedagogue, during a vacation in College.

IN IMITATION OF BURNS.

Charlie, I hear ye're in'an a school,
An' master o' the red an' rule,
Ye're gaeing wee-bit weeny fools,
[illegible]
An' shakin' guaim from the fool,
Wi mony a smir.

Na doubt ye're sometimes sair perplex'd,
Wi' blethrin' blockheads sadly vexed,
But then ye maun recal the text,
An' do na ill;
Hae patience, and on na pretext,
Your anger spill.

Delightfu' task, ye dinna think it,
To teach the idea how to blinkit;
'Let them that like the potion drink it,'
I hear ye say,
'But cash! I canna bear the clinkit,
Not I for aa!'

Hae patience man, ance mair I pray ye,
An' gin the callans wont obey ye,
Don't lift the rod an' vow, 'I'll flay ye
Wi mony stripes!'
The cutty-stool will aye, I spae ye,
Suffice the snipes.

But 'tis na weans aae much I fear,
Nor bleth'rin' coofies jibe an' jeer,
Nor callans' luve to domineer,
Will raise your passions;
I hae mair dread o'ither gear,
An' ither fashions.

A bonny lass about sixteen,
Wi' poutin' lip an' sparklin' e'en,
Wi' looks that would na shame a queen,
'Tis her I fear;
Say, is there nane sic to be seen
In a' your gear?

O gae not on that sonsie e'e,
That witchin' smile aae fa' o' glee,
That bosom, beating wild an' free
Wi' love's first throes—
For mischief will the affspring be,
An' mony woes.

Say, did ye e'er behin' her stan',
An' leaning ower, her book to scan,
Feel her sweet breath your hallots fan,
Balmy an' hot!
Wha trembled most? ye wicked man,
To make her blot!

Ye'll tell me, did ye o'er by hap,
Tho wee-bit taper fingers grap,
An' squeese them till they a' but snap,
In your brawn han'?
O sic a thrill! your soul's enwrap'!
Her waist ye span.

For shame! for shame! i' school hours too!
The school is na fit place to woo—
O fie, fie, fie! to bill an' coo
Before them a'!
An' Charlie, gin the lass ye lo'e,
Your arm withdraw.

But here my muse maun cower her wing,
Unholy deeds she maun na sing:—
Remember vice will leave a sting,
Ye wanton chiel!
An' mony an hour remorseful bring:—
But fare-thee-weel! W. J.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

THE TWO GRAVES.

'A green and silent spot, amid the hills.'

My gentle reader, I am very fond of walking. 'Ah!' methinks you exclaim, 'I understand. You like to saunter listlessly along some public promenade, now, regarding with amiable self-complacency, the fair one who is flirting away on this side, and the next moment absorbed in the fashionable switch you are twirling on the other.' No!—No! nothing like this. I mean good, long, solitary pedestrian crusades, through forest and over mountain, and confined for weeks together.

As I sat one sunny June morning, poring over the second volume of Fearne's spirited Treatise upon 'Contingent Remainders,' the finger of the great Wordsworth tapped gently upon my shoulder, with the following lively stanzas:

'Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend and clear your looks
Why all this toil and trouble.

Nature's a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless;
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.'

'Yes! noble Wordsworth!' I cried aloud, 'God bless your kindly heart! How sweetly you could sympathise with a poor devil of a Law student, like myself! In faith, I'll follow your advice.' So straightway rousing my smooth and iron-shod staff of heart-of-living-oak, from its slumber in the 'darksome nook,' (a dignified retirement, shared by an old boot, two foils, and a dumpy little cotton umbrella that'll neither open nor shut,) I slung my well-stuffed knapsack, in Pilgrim fashion, across my back, and was 'on hand' for either Hudson's Bay or Patagonia. But on the whole, putting faith in the maxim, 'In medio, tutissimo ibis,' though it is Latin, I struck for the valley of the Connecticut. Hitting that noble stream a few miles above the pretty town of Springfield, I traced up the windings of its banks, now feasting on a landscape of rural loveliness, and anon delighted with scenery of surpassing grandeur. The transition from quiet beauty to picturesque magnificence was as pleasing as gradual; and when the swelling slope and romantic glen gave place to objects of a nobler aspect; when the rude valley revealed its gorgeous splendor, and the old mountain' its simple majesty,—I was ready to cry aloud in the enthusiasm of the moment—

'God toucheth the Hills, and they smoke.'

Strolling leisurely through the delightful river-towns in the Northeast, I crossed the Connecticut by a ferry, and found myself on the south-western borders of the Mountain State. And glorious mountains they are too, in Vermont! Not those bleak, chilly, desolate-looking pyramids of sand and granite, that set the teeth to chattering in dog-days, but those such as the graphic pen of our Bryant has pictured:

'Broad, round and green, that in the southern sky,
With gentleness of waving grass and grain,
Clothands and beckons for corn, building lie.'

The road lay for about a league upon the very margin of the stream, then turned abruptly up a narrow gorge, and by an easy but continued ascent, wound gently around a high wooded ridge of land. After following this sequestered path for a few miles, I found myself on a high and narrow field thickly set with chestnut and maple of gigantic growth, their whorls, at subsequent intervals, the woodman's unerring hatchet had spared, the 'whipper-will' chant the requiem of their departed kindred. Her full eyes, of the deepest brown, beamed with the fresh brightness of the most joyous heart. Her cheek though delicately chiselled was slightly pale. Not was her plump little mouth the least of her attractions. With quite unnecessary emotion, it moved in sympathy with her lustrous eyes, and from the combined impression of these two features, her very oval literally breathed out to her fate. Her skin, how beautifully white! and somewhere on that thinking cheek, as if, after wandering through the secret chambers, it had shot up from the throbbing heart, rejoicing to expose its purity to the light of day!

We met for by an moments and found our young hero to be Mr. B——. Fascinated from the first with Helen's loveliness, he soon did homage to her modest grace, to her simple purity, to the freshness of her heart; and the frank ability of her character. He loved her with the enthusiasm forever of a strong mind, and the intensity of a first passion. And his love was reciprocated with a great and powerful affection; for to Helen he seemed to embody all her young dreams had pictured of virtue, beauty and worth. They walked upon the green impending banks of the lovely Connecticut; they strolled among those noble woods of beech and oak and chestnut; they read together; they sang; they whispered a mutual and undying truth:

'Every new day that passed—passed them the fleeter,
And hours though sweet, were chased by hours still sweeter,
Love had adopted them.'

Did Henry, in this exquisite enjoyment of a new sense, or rather in this delirious excitement of all his feelings and senses, did Henry forget the deep wrongs, the perilous fortunes of his country?

The sultriness of a hot summer's day had been allayed by one of those almost instantaneous thunder showers so peculiar to a mountainous country. The soft moist air breathed its 'fruit-like perfume' around, kissing the cheeks of the lovers. Helen was all life and light and hope, and wrapt in the delight of present happiness, she sailed into the sunny expanse of the Future, which was to her fraught only with golden rayed joy. Carolling as gaily as a spring bird—she rallied Henry on his thoughtful and downcast looks.

'Why so sad this evening, my Henry? I'm afraid you do not love your Helen as well as usual;' and fixing her full, azure eyes archly upon him—'Confess now that you are wearied of toying with your 'mountain flower,' and your truant heart 'over the hills and far away,' is now roving among the brighter and prettier maidens of your home. Or are you low-spirited to night, dearest, and' (winding her arm about his neck) 'shall I sing to you one of the sweetest songs of my native land, 'bonny, bonny Scotland?'

'I am yours, Helen; wholly yours in love and truth,' said Henry, folding her passionately to his heart, and imprinting a fond kiss upon her warm cheek, 'and here would I gladly live and die. But I fear this cannot be. Even that black cloud as has dimmed the 'silver orb' which silently rolls above us, and which a moment since shone so brightly; so, to night, do gloomy forebodings overshadow the sunshine of my present happiness, and through the mists which curtain Futurity I discern the mysterious omens of suffering and sorrow. Helen, I cannot hope to be with you very long; indeed I know not how soon we may be obliged to part. You have lived apart from the busy world, dearest, in this little sequestered nook, and you can hardly be aware how deep is the impulse, which, though silently, pervades the hearts of the peoples of these colonies. We are on the eve of a fearful commotion, and perhaps even now the blood of martyred patriots, warm from the heart, is pouring as water on the ground. 'Resistance to Tyrants is obedience towards God,' and if my country calls for the aid which my weak arm can bring to her armies, I dare not disobey the summons. I should despise myself, I should be undeserving of woman's love, of your love, Helen, did I barely shrink from the great struggle of human liberty with licentious despotism.'

'I do not ask you to stay with me in such an event,' sobbed the weeping girl, 'nor do I indeed wish it. I also were unworthy your devoted passion, could I think of seducing you from the path of honor and public duty. But oh, may God avert the unhappy day, when brethren of the same family, speaking the same language, shall be so fearfully arrayed against each other!'

'Amen,' rejoined her lover, 'and may the guilt of fraternal war rest on the heads of those who provoke it by oppression! But come, love, sing me one of your sweetest songs, I have done wrong to disturb you by my evil auguries—all may yet be well.'

Coming events had indeed cast their shadows before Henry, and the tidings of bloody strife between the yeomanry of Massachusetts and the British veterans stationed at Boston, rolled in exaggerated rumors along the valley, and struck upon the ears of a people of a naturally warlike temperament, and instantaneous in the avenging of public or private wrongs.

Little organization and preparation were necessary; and bold measures of retaliation were openly advocated and discussed. An attack upon Ticonderoga was deemed a feasible design, and in a few days hundreds of Green Mountain Boys had volunteered to enlist under Allen and Warner, if they would head such an expedition. A meeting for consultation was called, about twenty miles up the hills; delegates from two counties were to be present, and Allen was himself expected. Curiosity led Henry to attend.

Though now in the midst of June, the evening mountain air was so keen and piercing that a large fire had been kindled in the huge chimney which graced the large, low bar-room of the tavern-house in W****. This uncouth anti-Rumfordian was built of rough stone, blackened with dirt and soot. The blazing pile was formed of heavy logs of birch and rock-maple, intermingled. There was no fussy spattering or crackling about the matter. The flame ran up the huge vent in one broad, steady sheet. There were no heavy boots roasting in the ashes, but at the carefully computed distance of twelve feet, were stretched out some twenty pair of stout legs. About forty tall rough looking mountaineers were sitting on the benches which were nailed to the walls, or chatting together in small knots in various parts of the room.

EVERAD ALLEN was speaking as Henry entered, and he now gazed upon that singular man, of whom he had heard much of late, but never had seen till now, with no ordinary interest. Allen's figure was moulded in Herculean proportions. His features were large though pleasing; his eyes deeply set; his mouth firm and full, revealing when opened such a row of large regular teeth as a shark might have gloried in possessing. His face was square and his broad expansive forehead, 'hard as hammered brass,' indicated that within reigned—

'the encounterable will
And dread determination never to submit nor yield.'

The force of genius possessed by Allen is seldom appreciated beyond the limits of his own state. The elemental principles of greatness of soul have been denied to him, and he has often been spoken of as a rash presumptuous man of vulgar character and arrogant pretensions. But he was naturally constituted for a hero, though the coatings may have been rough. Of indomitable purpose, chivalrous daring, military genius, fertile forethought, fervid patriotism and unstained honor, he was also gifted with strong reasoning powers and a rapid, effective eloquence. Abstract worship, had by his own times, and her favorite chieftain in those early days, was New York which circumscribed his sphere of action, and brought him into the very embrace of Vermont—the home of liberty and Ethan Allen. Rob Roy McGregor never worshiped mother freedom with a prouder step than Allen, but the world discovered his as well herself. To men who could sympathize in early attachments from God Tryon, 'The Green of the Hollows and the Green of the Hills;' Vermont the Liberty to Colonial tyranny. Gentlemen Lieutenant Governor Colden, and the Council of New York, had issued a proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of Allen, as a person of desperate character, who had committed many outrages against the peace of the province, and was a person of no credit or reputation. Allen had read the proclamation, and was now in the midst of his friends, and among the men who had known him from his boyhood, and who had seen his manhood tried in the hottest fire of Liberty, and Rob Roy McGregor never worshiped mother freedom with a prouder step than Allen, but the world discovered his as well herself. To men who could sympathize in early attachments from God Tryon, 'The Green of the Hollows and the Green of the Hills;' Vermont the Liberty to Colonial tyranny. Gentlemen Lieutenant Governor Colden, and the Council of New York, had issued a proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of Allen, as a person of desperate character, who had committed many outrages against the peace of the province, and was a person of no credit or reputation. Allen had read the proclamation, and was now in the midst of his friends, and among the men who had known him from his boyhood, and who had seen his manhood tried in the hottest fire of Liberty, and

The orator adverted to the early settlement of New England; to the persecution which first drove the Puritan Fathers from their dear homes in England, into the western wilderness; to the oppressive system of oppression exercised by the parent country from those times to the present; to the unanimous determination evinced by the American Colonies to resist these tyrannical proceedings unto death. He then alluded to the peculiar historical situation of Vermont, so different from that of any other colony; to the unrighteous claim to jurisdiction and sovereignty over them set up by the adjacent and powerful state of New York.—'The very ground to which we stand,' said Allen, 'wrung as it has been from the forest by the sweat of our brows and the 'blood of toil' from our foes—they would wrest from us. The other New England Colonies look upon our rights, with a jealous contempt, too willing perhaps, to unite with New York in dividing the spoil. Great Britain, on the other hand, would receive us with open arms. Anything is ours, do neutrals; every thing, as allies, which we choose to ask. What then shall we do? Shall we sever our fortunes from those of the other New England Colonies? Not for a moment. Shall we hoist either lands or life dear in the balance with liberty? Never. Shall we despair by reason of the overwhelming power of England? No. For though the preponderance of physical force lie not with us, we have what is far better—the moral power of a holy and righteous cause. This will harden the sinews of every true patriot, into strength greater than that of a hundred mercenaries. Great Britain may as well hope to turn back yonder mountain torrent, as it dashes down our green hills, as try to bind chains on the limbs of a people who have never known the meaning of such words as submission and slavery. And when after the warfare of years, when the foot of a foreign soldier no longer contaminates the holy soil of Freedom; when these colonies are free, and freed by our own blood—if then, I say, the confederate states refuse to acknowledge the independence of Vermont, we will fight ten times more desperately for that; and if we shall be driven by superior force from these green hills and sweet vallies, we will then *retreat back into the desolate caves of the mountains and wage war with human nature at large.* But never shall it be said of our children, 'There go the sons of men, who, while their countrymen were in the foremost ranks of the battles of the Revolution, where the blows were falling thickest, basely sneaked away from danger and purchased a separate peace at the price of everlasting and damnable infamy. Even now we are here met to deliberate upon a noble work. It depends on us, the poor despised '*squatters*' upon a disputed soil to strike so signal a blow for Liberty, that it shall echo across the Atlantic, and spread dismay through the palaces of tyranny. With four hundred of my own tried 'Green Mountain Boys' I will peril my life upon the issue, that within three months the proud ensign of England no longer floats upon the walls of Quebec or Ticonderoga.'

The deep-toned, impassioned voice of Allen rang in the ears of those assembled, long after he had taken his seat.—No one followed Allen, for he had but given strong utterance to their own feelings, and with quiet celerity the requisite preparations for an active military organization were completed. Henry returned to B****; in a few days he had torn himself from his weeping Helen and joined the Revolutionary Army.

Pass by, if it so pleaseth thee, kind reader, the three years next succeeding—a period of time, which though brief, was crowded with stirring events. The Continental Congress had met. The Declaration of Independence had been put forth. The gallant stars and stripes were floating triumphantly in the breeze. THE WASHINGTON had risen up to save the country, and before the searching wisdom of that calm eye, the British lion had more than once cowered. Pass by all this, and seat thyself by the side of yonder pensive girl who is bending over a letter from him whom she loves with a love almost surpassing the love of woman. See how joyfully the brightening eye glances over the page! That letter was written after a hard won battle, and the modest triumph of youthful desert breathes over those lines. And now, why is that fair cheek suffused with a crimson glow? It must be the thrilling language of deepest love to beget that blush. But what says Henry?

* * * * 'Yes, dearest Helen, we have conquered, bravely conquered a brave foe, and one more proud step has America taken for the redemption of her wrested birthright. I had the good fortune to bend a desperate but successful charge upon the enemy's right wing, and after all was over, I received the thanks of the General for what he was pleased to call 'my brave conduct.' Helen, you cannot think how I love that magnanimous man. He has promised to recommend me to immediate promotion, and a single word from his lips of truth is better than promissory oaths from other men. Agitating visions of glory hover around my hard couch, till the delusive dreams are banished by the reality of thy bright and true image, loved one. Oh soon may this war, just and holy as it is, be over! Soon may I fling away the hated sword, and in your arms rest in peace!—feeling that the best freedom I have fought for, is the freedom to call you my own, own Helen.' Here the letter broke off abruptly;—two days after it was resumed again. * * 'We shall have another brush with the enemy to-morrow, and a smart fight we shall probably have of it. But I shall be very prudent and careful as you enjoin.—Thousands of thanks for your great and trustful love. You say in your dear letter, which I received yesterday: 'You are sometimes afraid we shall not meet again.' 'Pohl Helen, 'tis a foolish fear. We shall give these 'rascally English' a sound drubbing tomorrow, and *then* I will get leave of absence for three months; *then* shall you see your 'laurelled and '*Colonel*'-ed' lover. And *then* Helen, must you be a soldier's *wife*. So make ready to welcome the 'conquering hero.' Then he comes as a *bridegroom* elect.'

* * * *

But the victory so confidently predicted in Henry's letter was a most complete and melancholy defeat. The loss on the patriot side was immense, and the report reached our little village that Henry had been seen, apparently wounded, yet contending desperately with a Hessian officer. At any rate he was either killed or missing. Helen was, at first, stunned into mute despair, but rapidly recovering, she seemed even cheerful and happy. 'I am certain,' she said, 'that Henry is alive. I know he will soon return, not *perfectly* well, for he has been badly wounded, perhaps, but just ill enough to require my nursing. And I shall not let him get entirely well, for he shall never leave this house again, never.'

Helen was wrapt, not many weeks after, in one of those hopeful dreams, when she heard the sound of a light wagon driving up the lawn in front of the cottage. 'It is Henry!' and in an instant she lay unconscious in his arms. Her quiet hope was the rapture of certainty. It was indeed Henry, but oh, how sadly changed! His once animated face was ghastly and haggard, his figure attenuated, and so feeble was he that it was with great difficulty he could for a few moments support the slight form which clung about his neck.

He had received a dangerous sabre thrust in the breast, while rallying his retreating men, and deserted by all but an humble friend whom he had served in early life, he found shelter in a neighboring farm house. As soon as he had partially recovered, though still extremely feeble, he insisted on being removed home to B****. 'I may have only a few moments longer to live,' said he, resolutely, 'if so, not hope sweet to the well spent. I feel there this deep pain which has settled in my breast, that there is no chance for recovery; but for, I will see before I die, I will die in the arms.'

* * * *

'Now cuts your hair Henry, and you mustn't so talk you must lively, mind. Whom will come our house, I shall nurse you, and the nurse will not quite dare, I'll warrant ye.' Thus spoke the old woman who had been his nurse in childhood, and who had followed him to the wars, and who had found him, wounded and bleeding, on the battle field, and had borne him off in her own arms, and had hidden him in her own house, and had nursed him there, and had followed him to his home, and had followed him to the wars, and had followed him to his home, and had followed him to the wars, and had followed him to his home, and had followed him to the wars

her veil, nor even to get a peep at her hands, which lay half buried and trembling in the folds of a magnificent cotton shawl, worth half a guinea perhaps—I remember the pattern distinctly—I was not so very particular in my attentions as I might have been; but after two or three attempts left her in peace.

Late in the afternoon, however, just as we were passing over a stone bridge, and the heavy shadow of turrets and battlements fell athwart our path and rested on the deep still water below, I heard her catch her breath, and turning toward her, I saw the black satin drapery shiver, and the little hands—they were very little and plump, I had time to observe that, in my sympathy for her—disengage themselves in a hurry and snatch at the window with a convulsive eagerness. At this moment, the wind caught her veil and I saw tears—ay *tears*—dropping through the shadow of her bonnet and catching the warm light of the evening sky, as she leaned out of the window, like dew from a shaking rose-bush.—The bonnet was green, I remember, with a faint blush-colored lining. Take it altogether, I thought her dress the strangest I had ever met with on a creature so young and so daintily fashioned—with such delicate hands, innocent looking eyes and—shall I confess the truth?—exquisitely turned instep, high-spirited and imperious.

I thought his lordship would have died as I went through with my description, beginning with the magnificent cotton shawl—worth half a guinea perhaps, and finishing with the high-spirited instep.

Why what a memory you must have! said her ladyship.

And what an eye! said his lordship.

Why bless your heart! said I, with a flourish of my new pocket-handkerchief, not to be misunderstood I hope, though it had never been sprinkled with rose-water—why bless heart, sir! that isn't half I remember. I could tell you every article she had on—

His lordship stared.

Almost, continued I.

Her ladyship colored and looked another way; but the first thing I knew, they were both laughing together as if they never would stop, she with her face buried in her perfumed handkerchief, so that I could only see the heave and throe of her shoulders, and he with his head thrown back, and both arms in the air. The more she tried to make him set up and behave, the harder it was for both. Again and again, as I continued, and long after I had supposed the matter over, she would catch his eye, or he hers, and off they would go again! all together, like a handful of rockets!

Almost, I say. And I might have added that I knew the manufacturer's name and the retail price; for I had been a shop-boy not many years before, and knew just how *high* a pair of stockings 'ought to come,' and how much dimity it would take for a petticoat—four yards and a half then—or of seven-eighth Irish linen, 'warranted not bleached by a chemical process,' for a——shirt. Yes—all this and more, I might have added, for it was all true; but solely out of compassion to his lordship's aristocratical prejudices, I forebore. But pray, said I—did you receive the letter I wrote you?

Yes—and lost no time in returning it through the dead letter office.

But why?

Simply because not having seen you, I was afraid to trust you, and could not for my life, put any faith in the protestations of a mere stranger, who—but I am afraid I shall appear impertinent and perhaps ungrateful—

She put her hand upon his mouth, and he covered it with kisses.

Oh ho! thought I—isn't the honey moon over yet; or have they been separated awhile—

But there is one thing I confess I cannot well understand. If you told me the truth, lady Mary, and I am sure you did—your eyes were enough to satisfy me—

After you saw her hand, hey?—and her high-spirited instep.

And I shall persist in believing them, whatever your mouth may say to the contrary.

So then, you wouldn't trust her mouth?

No indeed, not I! There was—and *is*—too much of what another might call roguishness, about her ladyship's mouth to satisfy me.

And what would you call it in her, I beseech you.

I hardly know—archness or playfulness.

Thank you, said her ladyship, with a sweet smile; and when we have become better acquainted, I hope you may have a better opinion of my mouth.

Very fair, said his lordship—and a whisper reached the ear of his proud, beautiful wife, which sent the blood all over her neck and shoulder, like a flash of sunset over a bed of water lillies.

But my dear sir—you look puzzled. What was the question you were about urging with so much seriousness.

I hardly know—and half afraid that I might be working mischief where I least intended it, I turned away and taking up a lot of embossed paper that lay upon the table, tried to appear as indifferent as heart could desire. But his lordship was not to be played with. He insisted on having the whole story out, and as for her ladyship, I found to my surprise that instead of showing any, the least alarm or anxiety, she appeared to participate in his feelings.

Pray sir, said she, oblige me so far, as to tell the story—every word of it, just as it happened; I long to know if your memory is as faithful in every thing as in the particulars of that strange dress I had run away with—

So!—You had run away, had you?

Yes.

And the young clergyman who was going to the East Indies—Mr—Mr—I forget his name—

Harvey Sir.

Yes—Harvey—that is the young gentleman there, I suppose, hey?

A very low bow from his lordship.

And his father, he who would allow of no correspondence between the youth—verily, verily I don't much wonder—and yourself. What has become of him? Is he alive—

No, said his lordship—

Am I to understand then—pray forgive the apparent strangeness of the enquiry, that you are married with his approbation?

We are, said his lordship.

And you did not go to India?

No—

You were going there to seek your fortune, hey?

Yes.

And why did you give up the idea?

Simply because my father happened to meet this little girl here without knowing her. Whereupon he ordered me to give up all idea of the church—to think no more of going to India—but to marry the girl he had fallen in love with on his death-bed—nay, nay my love, don't blush—

And you being the most dutiful of sons—your father's commands being a law for you—you lost no time in obeying them to the very letter, hey?

Yes that's it.

And you have become what you now are by the death of your father, I am afraid.

Precisely.

I wish I could have seen your father.

So do I, said his lordship. He was one of God's masterpieces—a grand old fellow—

For shame, Harry—

Why bless your little heart, he has been dead these five years. And you know how I love and revere his memory.

True—but Mr —— is a stranger.

The more the pity. If he had only seen my father—

Would it be such a comfort to you, my lord?

Of a truth dear—for then he would understand me when I speak of him with uplifted hands and a swelling heart, as the grandest old fellow I ever saw. Never shall I forget his large cocked hat, his white hair and his gold-headed cane—

Cocked hat! and gold-headed cane!—why bless me, if that description don't remind me of the finest old fellow [illegible]

[illegible]

You are right sir. I saw him too—it was the father of my dear husband—her eyes filled—and I could not bear to meet him in the shadow of that royal gate-way—

With towers and battlements flinging their broad shadow on the deep water below. God bless me!—how plain every thing grows!—I see it all now!—When we spoke of that castle before we parted, I had an idea, that, somehow or other, you knew more about it than you thought proper to tell; but—and I grew a little embarrassed—but—I hope you have done justice to my motive in saying what I said to you in the coach—

Come, come, if you please dear, no blushing; Sir!—my friend—my dear friend—allow me to call you so. We have always done justice to your motives; my sister—she has never distrusted you, never—have you lady Mary?

Never!—with a solemnity that thrilled through and through me. I could have fallen upon my knees before her.

And now that you may understand the whole extent of our obligations to you, allow us to say—both of us—that to you, next to our Heavenly Father, are we indebted for the happiness we now enjoy.

Can it be possible!—but how in the name of all that is wonderful and mysterious.

A copy of your letter fell into the hands of my father when he was very ill; and my sister, who knew something of his unconquerable prejudices—they were like himself and the oaks of a thousand years that overshadowed his heritage, stately, inflexible and almost unchanging—she contrived to bring my father acquainted with the little dove-eyed country girl, as the dairyman's daughter, without allowing him to suspect the truth. Damn it all, Kate, said he—if that Jackanapes of a Harry had only met with this bit of flesh and blood, before that impudent hussey threw herself in his way—but it was all the management of her father, the scoundrel!—and her mother I dare say—the baggage—why there would be some comfort in his forgetting himself—the rascal!

As you did yourself, hey father, said Kate.

Hold your tongue you baggage. If I forgot myself, your mother never forgot herself I promise you—

But father, said Kate—how should you like to see them together.

Get away with your nonsense. Do you think I would suffer our little Mary there to associate with Emily B—.

No father but—

But me no buts.

Well father—

But I'll tell you what I should like to have you do—suppose you bring him acquainted with our Mary, and see whether that will not put a stop to this foolish affair with that impudent hussey.

Well father—if you say so, but—consider the consequences to the poor girl.

Damn the consequences! What are you afraid of?

Would you sacrifice the poor girl, father?

Sacrifice her—no! What do you mean?

But if she should fall in love with Harry.

Well let her—I should be glad of it.

Should you though.

Yes—provided he has the wit to fall in love with her.

You would, hey!—then I'll bring it about.

Before you sleep if you like—the sooner the better—so, so—we'll see if we can't put a stop to these tantrums.—Where now! What's your hurry—

Kate stopped in the doorway.

Go to that drawer there, and look for a folded letter.

Kate obeyed, and brought forth a sheet of paper closely written.

There! said he, read that—read that I tell you—read it aloud, and then say, if you don't think it high time the young madcap was tied up. Why sounds and death, he wouldn't be safe in his bed, with such a girl riding about the country and picking up letter-writers and emissaries for her, at every change of horses.—No, no!

And that letter, said I—what was it? observing his lordship smile with his eye fixed upon Lady Mary.

It was a copy of that very letter you sent me. How I dropped it, I never knew—nor where—but it fell into his possession; and he resolved to play the mischief with the whole scheme by bringing Mary and me acquainted!—my sister acting as go-between—

Capital, said I.

Wasn't it.

And this, if I understand you, is the result.

Exactly. And for this are we mainly indebted to you.

I began to feel sheepish. My new handkerchief was in immediate and vehement requisition—but all wouldn't do—his lordship was laughing at me, and her ladyship too, notwithstanding her innocent looks and sincere eyes—

My lord, said I, rising with great dignity—whatever may be the purpose you have in view—

There! there! don't make a fool of yourself! said another voice at my elbow. And on looking up, I found the little gypsey there—that very gypsy who had so completely bewitched me the evening before, dressed in every particular just as she was at the masquerade. But where on earth did she come from?—Who was she?—and how came she here?

Her ladyship rose and begged leave to present her sister—Miss Harriet B—

I was overwhelmed—began to breathe thick—but I have got to the end of my paper.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1835.

OUR CLUB ROOM.

NO X.

Frank, Graver, Faust, Pedro.

Gr. Well met again, from wandering up and down the earth.

Fa. Like the worthy in the first chapter of Job.

Gr. If you like the comparison, use it—for yourself.—I for one disclaim it, so far as I am concerned.

Fr. And I.

Pe. And I.

Fa. Ah, you are all in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity—so hopelessly wicked, that you are not even sensible of your own vile characters. There is no surer token of depravity than a conscience void of reproach. It is the deception of the devil—the most subtile of his subtile wiles, the earnest of perdition and the insurance policy of—

Gr. Fr. Pe. Ha! ha! ha!

Fa. You graceless reprobates! What! cackle in the teeth of your admonitor?

Gr. I was laughing at your uncertain condition, Faust. You, by your own showing, lack that clear conscience which is the proof of guilt, and the assurance of its punishment. On the other hand, you plead guilty to iniquities innumerable, to show your innocence. Take which horn of the dilemma you will, you are a sad fellow, self-convicted. Pay the penance, or, in our august triumvirate, we shall proceed to condemn, and then arraign you for trial.

Fa. In a newspaper I took up to day—

Fr. Well, what about the penance?

Fa. In a newspaper I took up to day—

Fr. Gentlemen I protest against this dodging the question—

Fa. I read an article which suggests an excellent plot or rather time to lay the scene of a novel.

Fr. What has that to do pray, with the bottle of Heidsec you owe the club as a forfeit?

Pe. Perhaps the honorable court—club I should say, will suspend judgment till Faust's next offence.

Fr. Agreed—the reprieve will scarce last the evening out.

Gr. And agreed on my part. Now Faust, for your marvellously excellent plot for a novel.

Fa. About the end of the tenth century a misinterpretation of the prophecies led to the opinion that the end of the world was at hand. The tight grasp of misers upon their property, loosened in consequence, and they made large donations to the church, even before they were brought to their death-beds,—and upon them many surrendered their whole property, thinking therewith (to use an Eastern phrase) to purchase a kind of happiness in another world.

Gr. To what lengths will misguided fanaticism carry reasonable beings. I recollect, in Moore's [illegible] I read it, a Catholic wife, who thought no one out of the pale of that Church could be saved, [illegible] her husband, [illegible] Catholics [illegible] be [illegible] or I should prove in the right, you [illegible]. As if the mighty could be cheated by hypocrisy!

Pe. The same argument is often used upon Unitarians, even in our day. But why do we have so much of Theology to night? I believe Faust's opening [illegible] has bewitched us all.

Fa. Hear my plan of a novel then, and don't [illegible]. What a glorious lot of characters might be selected from such an epoch! The wealthy believer, [illegible] he might after [illegible] believing that there were but [illegible] against the arrival of that [illegible] such lunatic, taking advantage of the indifference of his fellows to the things of this world, to further his own ends with a sort of irresolute half fear, nevertheless, that they might be right, and he only treasuring up wrath against the immediate day of wrath,—love affairs could be introduced in a novel form to the race of romance [illegible]; with a little stretch of the fancy, a small supply of *natural* portentous events from imagination; a shower of falling stars, a comet twisted in at the expense of an anachronism, if necessary; half a dozen earthquakes, and a volcano or two, the whole thing might be managed to possess as thrilling an interest as the Last Days of Pompeii, without its tragic termination. There is scope for the introduction of every possible shade of character. None but a Bulwer could do it justice.

Fr. I move that Faust be chosen to wait upon that novelist with the suggestion, from our club, duly authenticated.

Fa. And the club will pay my passage across the Atlantic—put me in a way to get the entree of Lady Blessington's House—pay for my presentation suit, I must see Majesty you know, and in short supply me with funds to purchase, like Willis, a delightful aristocratic fit of the gout.

Fr. Not a dollar—not a mill. Think of the honor, the honor, Faust.

Fa. As Jack Falstaff said upon a different occasion, will *honor* pay my passage? or make the tailor merciful—or blind the banker's eyes—or wipe out my landlord's score? No! In Falstaff's reasoning, it amounted to a mere 'scutcheon—in mine it would be the sponging house forever—or at the best, a fit of the gout at my own expense, the expense of my credit, I mean.

Gr. If you should go on the mission, don't, I beseech you, mention the gout. It is too foolish.

Fa. *If*, indeed!

Fr. Heigho!

Gr. What's the matter, Frank?

Fr. Sympathy, sympathy. You've set poor Faust's bump of locality in a ferment, and he won't be content to stay in Boston a day longer—unless we persuade him to visit the statue of Cleopatra—nor will he abide the city then, a day after the Egyptian Queen has left it.

Fa. Shame!

Fa. How?

Fa. I would not that Mrs F. should learn that such a thing was alluded to here for a kingdom. Why I should be forbidden—a—I—a—

Fr. Henpecked. by Xantippe?

Pe. Ha! ha! here we have the secret of Faust's lugubrious aspect. Poor fellow!

Gr. Is that the scar of a scratch on his cheek?

Fr. Is that handkerchief in his breast pocket, really pinned to his coat?

Gr. Well, I never believed before, that his wife made him render an account every evening of his daily expenditure of pocket money.

Fr. Nor I that she drove away the carpenter who was fitting a night key to his front door.

Pe. And to this day, I have contradicted the story that he is obliged to make her believe that our meetings are for purely scientific researches.

Fa. Have you done, gentleman? If you have, and will accompany me, I will present you a ticket apiece, to the levee of the fair Egyptian.

Gr. With all my heart.

Pe. Stop one moment gents. You will go directly home from Harding's Gallery?

Fa. Yes.

Pe. Then take out your tablets here, and make up your daily report—you won't find a better place. Enter 'paid for stationary'—lets see, one, two, three, four tickets—$2.00. W.

RAILROAD FROM PORTSMOUTH TO PORTLAND. A meeting was held at Portland, on Tuesday evening last, to take into consideration, measures for opening this road without delay. It will probably succeed—though between ourselves, we wonder a little at seeing for chairman of *such* a meeting, 'the *Honorable* Mr Francis O. J. Smith.' It may, and we hope will succeed, *nevertheless*, though we hope our brethren afar off, may not altogether misunderstand the nature of the transactions from the circumstance referred to. Mr Smith is not, in every respect, the only great man we have Down-East. We insert this for a *protestando* merely—the 'exclusion of a conclusion,' worth avoiding. N.

AN OVERSIGHT. Sometime since we asked of one of the Editors of the Cincinnati Mirror, a definition of plagiarism. The question was duly answered—but as we have a habit of tucking away the Cincinnati Mirror, and a few favorites, for a perusal at leisure, and as we let the batch thus hoarded lay unread till we are compelled to clear our pigeon holes, we did not till this week see the definition. Here it is:—

'A person now-a-days is guilty of plagiarism who in saying a good thing, uses two words that some one else used together before him:—and that to avoid plagiarism a man should quote every 'and' 'but' and 'nevertheless' he dares appropriate.

We can do no less than publish the following—with a note or two, disclaiming all *personality*, however, from first to last, inasmuch as we never heard of Mr. H. before. The tone of his letter is gentlemanly and dignified, and we think well of him, but very badly of the pictures.

JOHN NEAL, Esq.

Sir—It was not until a day or two since that I saw your remarks in the Galaxy of the 11th instant upon a couple of pictures in the American Gallery, ascribed in the catalogue to Vandyke, and to which my name was inadvertantly attached.

In regard to the first, which you say does not resemble the style of Vandyke any more than it does that of Caravaggio or Rembrandt. I beg leave to say that it is nothing more or less than an old copy from a well known portrait by Vandyke now in Florence.(1) As for the other, I have only to say that I purchased it at the sale of the Marquis Torrigiani's pictures, also in Florence, and it was there ascribed to Vandyke as it is here designated in the catalogue.(2) Such being the simple facts, I cannot but believe that upon reflection, you will find that the personalities in which you have indulged, were gratuitous.

Your obedient servant,

A. HEWINS.

Boston, July 26th, 1835.

(1) If the copy resembles the original in *anything*, the original is not a Vandyke—we don't care who says to the contrary.

(2) We had but a minute to see this (and the other) but we would wager our right hand that it not only is *not* a Vandyke, but that it does not even bear a resemblance to Vandyke. The modern Italians know nothing of Vandyke or Reynolds—or Rembrandt—or Rubens. N.

TRAVELLING. If you see a man with a portmanteau under his arm, or followed by a porter with luggage, the chances are he is travelling East, now. Hundreds, who never dreamed of crossing the Eastern Boundary of Boston a year since, are now heading Down East. The Bangor line of Steamboats is doing an excellent business, and so is the Portsmouth boat Citizen, Capt Chadwick. People have no notion of being jolted over the ground, when they can [illegible] it, and in agreeable employment or business by the way, forget that they are travelling. The Citizen is a [illegible] fast little boat, safe and under gentlemanly management. W.

SWIMMING SCHOOL. There's an establishment [illegible] Boston where [illegible] of all ages, [illegible]

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP—*with plates*: By B. F. FOSTER. Everybody is obliged to quack it more or less in our day, and the wisest and most valuable inventions depend [illegible] as much upon their puffery, as the worst and [illegible]. Day & Martin, Doctor Kitchener, and that 'incomparable oil, Macassar,' have made it necessary for the [illegible] of [illegible], brick-presses and planing-machines, to adopt similar measures in self-defence. They might starve upon a card, and a common advertisement would be the death of them. Where importers, who receive a hundred packages of goods, inform their friends of the fact by a notice headed *Five Hundred Packages!*—what can the old-fashioned, honest importer do, when he has actually received five hundred packages?—he must advertise *a thousand!* If he tells the plain truth, he will be set down for *two hundred and fifty*. Therefore is he *obliged*, as it were, to advertise *one thousand*. Everybody learns to make the proper allowance, after awhile, and nobody is deceived—any more than by custom-house oaths—nobody the worse for it—according to the fashionable morality of the day, among men of business. Let nobody complain of Mr Foster therefore, that in giving to the world a capital System of Penmanship, he does it with a small show of quackery. Who would listen to man, if he always set forth his pretensions in language as modest as our author in his preface? Writing in the second person—why not in the first?—is there such a charm in the appearance of modesty, even where modesty itself is out of fashion?—is the counterfeit worth more than the reality?—Writing in the second, he says:

'The principles he would illustrate by the following chapters, and by the diagrams and exercises which accompany them, are not new; or rather he should say, not altogether new. But their application and arrangement are new.—The elements existed before, and always in the nature of things; but they were scattered far and wide, over a great variety of works, and through many languages. What he claims for himself, therefore, is not so much a discovery of new principles, as a recombination of the old. To the celebrated Carstairs he is chiefly indebted; though he has availed himself wherever he could of the suggestions of others, and more especially of those to be met with in Villars and Crevat of Paris, and in the French edition of Carstairs, edited by M. Julien, which is adopted, "*Par le conseil royal de l' instruction publique pour tous les etablissements de l' universite de France.*" With the French—who appear to understand the value of time, judging by their watchfulness over the whole business of public instruction—the details of writing, or of penmanship rather, are held worthy of profound consideration. It is an affair of government; employing a bureau of itself, and watched over by the philosopher and the scholar, the minister and the statesman. We may smile at their ostentation—we may call it parade; but what are the facts? Let us interrogate our own people.'

Now we like this. It is the simple truth, and right glad are we to see the work dedicated to *all men of Business*—for they are the best judges after all. And who are they?—are not parents included—fathers at any rate—and traders, and merchants, and lawyers—and everybody in fact, whose opinion is worth caring for—save a few fashionables, who write far worse than they did in Lord Chesterfield's day. Ask Lord Byron—the late Governor Lincoln of Maine—or Jared Sparks, what they would give, though neither was, nor is, properly a man of business, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, for the power of writing with swiftness, legibility and ease. Would they value a little finger a piece?—the little finger that bothered them, we mean?

We love good penmanship—and appeal to our own manuscript in proof. Infer what you please reader. We may know how to value it, because we can, or because we *cannot* write a fair hand. Some value the unattainable most—others what they themselves are most distinguished for. Infer what you please—therefore—the printers will know how to understand us. Yes—we love good penmanship, and have always looked upon the great G, wherewith the late George of England used to flourish away in the height of his glory, as beyond all comparison the best evidence of his right to the British Empire. It is indeed a kingly accomplishment, and worth being celebrated in Blackwood for—that of being able to write one letter in six, not liable to be mistaken for another. Just look at Napoleon's signature,—what a mystery it is! neither Babylonish nor Egyptian, yet stranger than either—a sealed book to all but his own private secretary. At Washington's—how full of the strong, steadfast plainness which characterized the man, GEORGE WASHINGTON. That of Napoleon is fiery and abrupt—undecipherable and peremptory, and looks for all the world, like a manifesto in battle—a bulletin published at full speed, in the heat of a cavalry charge. Writing!—the man was above writing. What then must he have thought of penmanship, mere penmanship? All the manuscript you see of his, reminds you of the Russian Campaign by Sir Robert Kerr Porter—written with snow and gunpowder melted together in the palm of his hand. Snow and gunpowder! the very elements wherewith such men as Napoleon Bonaparte have always obtained their mastery over others. Cold as death—fiery as the second death, all that we know of them or their doings, participates of snow and gunpowder—of ice and lightning. Their biographies ought to be written by themselves—and always with these very materials—and always on horseback.

The progressive lessons of Mr Foster are admirable—the engravings generally first-rate—the German-Text the best we have seen for a long time—but the large hand, the strong, flowing, free and graceful writing upon page 26—that's the thing for our money. That, of itself, *is* enough to show that Mr Foster understands his business. There lies the whole mystery—there the whole power of the system. Exalted as our notions are of the methods referred to in the preface—acquainted as we are with the impudent and shameless quackery of those who follow Wrifford, and that wretch Rockwell—the greatest rogue of the whole, and that's a bold word when speaking of itinerant writing-masters, who pretend to teach in twelve lessons—we are ready to forgive every thing else when we look at the boldness and beauty of these letters, to ascribe the whole merit to Mr Foster—and to forgive all the rest of his and their humboggery about mere penmanship—ornamental-writing, &c. although upon second thoughts, we believe he does not pretend to teach the latter. And by the way, lest we way forget it—perhaps our readers would like to understand something of the two processes here referred to—that of teaching people to write in *twelve lessons*, and that of teaching ornamental penmanship? If so—they shall be gratified.—By the first process, a child is made to write from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, at from twelve to fifteen lessons—all the extra time not being counted, but reckoned as practice, or *indulgence* for Saturday or Wednesday afternoons, or any hour of the day when the pupil happens to be disengaged, and exceedingly anxious to outstrip his fellows in secret, and thereby prove that what thousands of others have done before him, he also can do—though he dies for it. During all this time, he has the paper ruled and prepared before him—the best of pens, the best and blackest of ink, and the best of paper, if the master knows what's what—and the teacher standing at his elbow, to assist, guide, or even to retouch his copy if need be. And what is the consequence?—the boy writes page after page at a single sitting, more than he writes for a week, perhaps for a month at a common school, where much of his time is wasted, and all his patience, waiting for pens, copies, rulers or something else; with nobody to help him out of his difficulty, or to encourage him when he grows weary or down-hearted. By the end of the course of twelve lessons of one hour each, he has written more under the greatest possible advantages, than he would have written at school in half a year, perhaps a twelvemonth, under the greatest disadvantages. What wonder therefore that a remarkable *change*, to say the least of it, appears in his hand-writing. What wonder that his original specimen, written with a bad pen—starting, perhaps, in a hurry—nervous, with all eyes upon him, should fall far short of the specimen selected by the master from all he has written—or elaborated on drawing-paper, with infinite care, and touched over by the master himself with a hair-pencil dipped in Indian-ink? These are every day impositions.

And now as to ornamental penmanship. Go to the first you see hanging up anywhere—we care not where—in a [illegible] gilt frame, and examine the flourishes for yourself. In every case, you will find them painted, or finished up. Instead of being cast at once with a bold, free and masterly play of the fore-arm, as recommended by our author, you will find them often drawn, slowly over pencil-marks, [illegible] from the first [illegible] afterwards. To the devil with such quackery!—It has [illegible] It prevents the whole purpose of writing—instead of usefulness, you have show—tinsel for solid worth—[illegible] for pure gold.

We love to study men's characters in their hand-writing; and though no collector of autographs—heaven forbid!—we'd as lief be suspected of an album—having little or no respect for the *mere* signature of any man, that being altogether more premeditated; still, we do prize the unpremeditated—unprepared—generous, off-hand flashes of character we meet with in the every-day scribbling of superior men. It is like putting them upon oath in a Court of Justice—taking their confessions when they are confoundedly frightened—overhearing them in their sleep, or when they are thinking aloud by themselves—you cannot be deceived. You must have the truth, and the whole truth—oftentimes nothing but the truth. Compare the hand-writing, for example, of John Hancock with that of Benjamin Franklin—we do not mean their signatures merely, as they appear to public documents, even though they are, of themselves so many separate Declarations of Independence, but to their hand-writing generally, as they appear in familiar letters, when they wear not their 'robes of ceremony,' and are not on their good behavior, nor signing a paper to the sound of trumpets and the roar of cannon, with the eyes of a whole nation upon them. So too, compare the hand-writing of *Th. Jefferson*—bold—upright—positive—clear and philosophical, with that of *H. Brougham*, or Castlereagh, or any of the great European warriors, legislators, or statesmen—writing-masters rather—whose autographs are so clearly substitutes for *signs*, instead of *ideas*, that you can make nothing else of them. How astonishing the difference, and how wonderful and characteristic every peculiarity!

But 'down busy devil—down, down!'—we have to do with the things of earth, with *men of business** and meaning to bear unequivocal testimony to the merits of Mr F. as a teacher, and to the value of his book as a help for other teachers, it may be well for us to show that we ourselves are qualified to judge.—And here another appeal to our own hand-writing might be made, if the compositor could spare a line to the public, or a fac-simile.—How they would enjoy our zeal! To our duty therefore in a more quiet and orderly fashion—reducing every strong hold of the adversary, one after another, according to the old system of warfare, as it prevailed before Moreau precipitated himself upon Italy, and never calculating defeat as possible, overswept without demolishing, or even taking the trouble to watch the fortresses that lay in his path; all which—but to our subject once more.

The whole object of writing is to talk on paper. Other things equal, that is the best system of writing which leaves the mind freest. For example, if our thoughts could be communicated without mistake by a scratch, whether diagonal, horizontal or perpendicular, a dot, a spatter of the pen, or a flourish like a *snarl* of thread, as most people seem to believe, still the leading objects would always be the same—legibility, swiftness, and beauty. There should be nothing equivocal—every scratch and every dot should be clear and satisfactory, communicating just what the writer meant and nothing more. This would be the first object with every writer, and with all systems of writing. Next to the conveyance of your thought by the clearest possible signs would be that of doing it with the least labor to yourself and others. And this being accomplished—the characters however shaped, and whether large or small, upright or aslant, being understood easily and fashioned easily, the next and best object would be to make them *beautiful*. This would lead step by step from straightness, uniformity and smoothness to gracefulness; and thence to the corruption of writing—*ornamental penmanship*. But so is it with every thing useful; with poetry, dancing and music, as with reading, writing and ciphering—or *talking*. Never satisfied with doing either in the best possible way, according to its true purposes, the *difficult* is substituted for the graceful, the natural and the useful. The whole purpose of the particular art is lost sight of; and instead of what we want, we have idle and corrupting refinements; horizontal posture-masters and whirligigs in breeches and petticoats—or both—or neither—according to the taste of the people and the temperature of the weather, instead of smooth, flexible, fluent, self-adjusting natural dancers.—And so with music—After awhile Harmony drives Melody into a corner where the poor thing is half-ashamed to show her face or speak above her breath, and you hear of nothing but the *difficulties* or wonders of the art. So with penmanship. *Execution* is all the go. How very difficult! said somebody to Dr Johnson, as they stood together listening to the fashionable gibberish of a learned musician. *Very*, said the doctor—pity it was not impossible. So with ornamental penmanship say we. Pity the best of it—as well as the worst—were not impossible. There cannot be a much sillier waste of time—though one should employ a twelvemonth in filling the round of a ten cent piece with the five books of Moses.

Now—improve penmanship as we may—simplify the signs of thought as much as we may—ornament and embellish them as we may, still the true objects are the same, and are always with the same relation to each other. Legibility or plainness; swiftness or ease of execution—and beauty—these are the elements of all written language. That writing is the most excellent which unites the whole three in the greatest perfection—leaving the mere difficulties of the art, the ornamental pigeon-wings, pirouettes, and demi-semi-quavers to the professors of *penmanship*; and to all those who are silly enough to like them, or wicked enough to encourage them by paying five dollars a head, more or less, to have the hand-writing of themselves or their children *spoilt* forever in twelve lessons—or to use their own language *finished* in twelve lessons.

A picture was once shown which had been painted with the toes. Why didn't the fool paint with his fingers? asked a bystander. We never see a capital piece of penmanship or embroidery upon which a human creature has wasted a deal of precious time, without thinking of this honest question—why didn't the fool paint with his fingers? in other words why not use the needle and the pen for what they are intended and adapted? To Alexander a man was brought who had arrived at such wonderful perfection, after the practice of a while that he could shoot grains of millet through the eye of a needle, one after another without missing. After the exhibition, he waited for the royal bounty. It was brought forth—a bag of millet. Even so, if we had the power, would we reward the doers of ornamental penmanship. They should have rolls of drawing-paper—ever so many crow-quills—whole barrels of camel's-hair pencils—and a room to themselves, all their lives long. Such people have no business with the world—nor the world with them. They might be employed as the monks were—illuminating missels, or rigged out with a pair of feather-breeches apiece, and set to hatching chickens—what else are they good for? asks the dey of Algiers, when prisoners of war turn out to have no trades of their own, or to be addicted to *sedentary* pursuits.

But enough. Mr Foster does not pretend we hope and believe to teach ornamental penmanship, though we find excellent German-text in a part of his book—but to teach what is wanted by *all Men of Business;* and judging by the *fac simile* which appears in the first page of this book, by a letter in his own hand-writing now before us, and by what we ourselves have seen in his school, we are disposed to recommend the work most heartily and to place great confidence in the teacher. To go through with the *system* here, would be absurd—nor do we feel disposed to examine the several pretensions of the angular and anti-angular gentry—enough for us, that any person of tolerable common-sense, and who is without so much? may get a good pennyworth by buying this book, where he cannot have the benefit of Mr Foster's personal teaching—and, as we apprehend, by seeing and judging for himself where he can. N.

THE WESTERN MESSENGER: No. 1. Cincinnati: T. H. Shreeve & Co. This, we take it, is a Unitarian affair, in other words sectarian. Nevertheless it is a bold, manly, and so far as we can judge from a hasty glance at a page here and there, good tempered and reasonable paper. As a herald of Western Literature we rejoice to see a work of the sort, and hope it will be cordially and widely encouraged. N.

THE LADIES COMPANION for this month contains a view of the *Falls of the Bushkill*, engraved by Durand on steel—a clever and spirited affair. We are glad to see this attractive miscellany so heartily encouraged. N.

LA REVUE FRANÇAISE for this month contains—The Hypochondriac: A grandmother of our day: The plague at Marseilles: The kiss of the hand: Mahommed Ali Pacha: The gold of the Fishermen: [illegible]

——. By the author of Richlieu. Harper & Brothers, New-York. A friend who happened to find us last evening, with pen just ready to dip, for a review of this book, entreated so earnestly to be allowed to run off with it for a few hours, that we hadn't the heart to deny her—[illegible] rely upon that point in our defence. But she has not returned it, although twenty-four hours have gone by. And therefore, though we don't see why it need interfere with a review of the book, we are unable to say more of it than that we opened it in no less than three several places, read at least a page in it, and for that reason, though we have forgotten the title, and the author—save that he is the author of Richlieu, are willing to say—buy away! buy!—You can't lose much and may get a good pennyworth for your money. But if you cannot buy—borrow—or beg—or steal—that's our advice and we charge you nothing for it.

P. S.—The title has just popped into our heads—It is *The Gipsey*. N.

LIFE OF KEAN. By——nobody knows whom. New York: Harper & Brothers. A very entertaining, free and easy affair, which we recommend to all our summer travellers, whithersoever they may be journeying, and whether they ever saw Edmund Kean or not. He was a miracle—but a vulgar miracle; a thunderbolt buried in squibs and crackers. Blow off the outside—get within reach of his heart—and you might as well tamper with a powder-magazine or a volcano. The life of Edmund Kean is yet to be written, notwithstanding this book; but his biography, the incidents of that life, unconnected with the influences and changes, and the philosophical reflections, the far-seeing prophecies of a great mind in travail with its subject, are well preserved here and at times illustrated with uncommon spirit and excellence. N.

THE ALBION, OF NEW-YORK. One of the two or three papers in the world that may be *injured*, but cannot be helped by puffing. We have read it for years, and every year with augmented pleasure—and there are but few other papers we ever take the trouble to open. The [illegible] of ——: The —— and —— of ——, and The ——, and these, on second thoughts, shall be nameless; for notwithstanding our savage bumps, we wouldn't be accessory to suicide——if we could help it. N.

EASTERN MAGAZINE. We see nothing in this periodical, aside from the fact that it is edited by a lady, and that consequently gallantry should induce editors to commend it, which entitles it to notice. They have already one good magazine conducted by a lady, in Maine, why attempt another? The Eastern Magazine may be well patronised in the immediate sphere of the lady's friends and acquaintances;—beyond that, where it is judged by intrinsic merit, it may not fare so well. W.

DOG DAYS.

Good morning Tiger.

Ah, friend Bose,
I am happy to feel by the tip of your nose,
As icy as mine, that we stand together,
In excellent health, this dog day weather.
Dog day?

Ay, thus by men the season
Is called, but if I know the reason,
May I never worry another cat.
I think it is a libel flat;—
Why, if the weather chooses to vary,
From the climate of June to January,
Should we stand sponsors for it?

Apply
To *equable* man, for the reason why.
When we arrive at the stand in the arts,
Due our respectable canine parts,
And publish the *Almanac des chiens*,
We'll resent, as we ought, this flagrant wrong,
And call it MAN DAYS.

Very well
Should we be sustained by parallel.
For instance, like a dog day night,
Man sleeps in a fog; in the durance tight,
Of Somnus, his faculties all are dead,
While we, more wakeful, guard his bed.
From his sluggish couch he doth arise
With a weight of sloth on the lids of his eyes,
And his head of soporific [illegible],
Like a dog day morning heavy and dull;
Then he gorges his stomach with high spiced meat,
Imparting his body a dog-day heat;
Then, in the vain thought of cooling it, pours
Adown his throat, Alcoholic showers;
And burns at the tip of his nose, a weed
That would make a quadruped sick.

Indeed,
Friend Bose, human nature, you closely read.
Not exactly Tiger, it is not nature
To make of the stomach a living crater,
A smelting furnace, a crucible
For the fusion of things reducible
Only by such or sim'lar process.
Strange, that man cannot from dogs and horses,
(Although he denies them in his pride,
Reason and common sense beside)
Strange that he cannot learn at least,
Not to demean himself *worse* than a beast.
Have patience, the time is not far hence,
That will give us our proper influence;
Then we'll teach our masters that they can be,
As rational, at least, as we.
Good day.

Good day,
Take, if you please, your paw away;
With respectable dogs 't has a maxim grown,
That every one should shake his own. I.

CLEOPATRA. We had some debate with ourself, before we saw this statue, and after the first, but before the second visit, whether to get into a passion about it, or not, but after a second call determined to keep tolerably cool and quarrel only with one or two things. First the subject—Cleopatra. Her history, awakes any but pleasant associations. The exhibitor had he been a Yankee, would have taken a hint from Noah Webster, laid a Spelling Book under the open fingers of her right hand, and christened the nude statue, 'Virtue beckoning youth to the Temple of Knowledge,' or some such title, instead of Cleopatra beckoning Anthony to the Banquet. In the next place, we do not believe the story about the composition, the [illegible] which is worth a thousand dollars. That, in our opinion, is a severe gag—and—we *know* nothing about it [illegible] but we think it is nothing but a very [illegible] pipe clay, daubed with an unseemly coat of color, with indigo veins and Spanish red cheeks. The [illegible] is rather unfortunate; but as a whole, we repeat our opinion that it is a beautiful specimen of art, and correct knowledge of anatomy—a branch of science too much neglected by modern artists. As Anthony forgot the world for Cleopatra, the visitor must forget the history of the Gypsey Queen in his love of the fine arts. W.

MAELZEL, instead of tiring, increases his business [illegible] every night of his stay. There is some talk of [illegible] him to put the tickets for the last night or two, up at [illegible]tion.

THE DIORAMA, now better ventilated than when the Departure of the Israelites was on exhibition, is daily visited by large numbers. Belshazzar's Feast soon closes.

THE OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE, at [illegible] Hall, is a greater than Dr Mather, revealing the Wonders of the Invisible (Insect) World, to such a wonderful extent, that a lady of our acquaintance protests she will die of thirst rather than permit a drop of water to pass her lips again, and starve, rather than swallow a myriad living things with every mouthful.

FLY LEAVES.

CAN'T I BELIEVE MY OWN EARS? No, nor your own eyes, nor your own touch. A straight stick thrust into water appears crooked—the sharpest eye is at the mercy of the clumsiest juggler; and if you cross your fingers and roll a pea between—you believe there are two peas, and all the world cannot persuade you to the contrary. We have heard the beating of eggs—at a most unseasonable hour. Upon enquiry it turned out to be a strange dog lapping water in the cellar.

ORNAMENTS FOR WINDOWS. Some people hang stripes of grass [illegible] together—[illegible] what they call India blinds, [illegible] abominations, which they are willing to [illegible]

their opposite neighbor for landscapes and flowers—and others green paper to frighten people with whenever they show their faces 'burning greenly on the wall.' Another class of a more ambitious character, mount a drapery of chintz printed with gothic arches, Tudor roses, the trefoil, &c. &c.—from these, up to white platilles—barbarous transparencies with a nap to them of carded cotton half an inch long for warm weather—and from these up to the real staircase window, eternally out of place you may be sure, you may see as great a variety as among fashionable bonnets. And there doesn't live the man that ever saw two of them alike—we have tried for five and twenty years, and the nearest we ever saw them get, was in a case of twins, where, after they had been made a perfect match, to order—Both bonnets top—one shifted her bow from the side to the top—and the other from the top to the side. But the strangest pattern for windows—to say nothing more of bonnets—another name but the other day for the very same thing—all the women appeared to be looking out of a chaise top or a window—we have just happened to see—it looks for all the world like a pair of drawers pulled apart in the middle and hung up at the window to dry—but may be—and on taking another look, we are rather inclined to the opinion—they may be nothing more than a scanty white curtain rather too scrupulously divided.

Rather Smart. Everybody says my judgment is superior to yours, my dear. I could name a hundred instances—where you have acknowledged it—and so could you. I dare say; only you won't.

I could mention one, my love.

What is it?

Our marriage.

Lots of puns!—who bids!—To conundrum manufacturers.—He'll be *compact* in that little establishment. Ay Sir—but I don't *like* to become *packed* in anything.—We have heard an *actor say*—it was Polby himself—I would have it come so [illegible] enough, he pronounced it, as the cockneys do—I would have it come to *hiss you*. She's maid of honor—The devil she is! I should think her *made of* almost anything else sooner. Oh ho!—That's your *method*—is't? A bullet-in—may or may not be fatal according to the direction. So long a-go—no wonder they were tired to death. 'It was made appear'—instead of, it was made *to* appear; as if R—a something of the neuter gender, was made a *peer*. And why not? Instead of a sister we should say *assister*. Do you know the name of the tenth muse? Ay—the King's mews. No—. No! what then?—Bartholo-mews. There, beat that, if you can! ye makers of detestable puns! Request the difference between radishes and red-dishes? Both are pronounced alike and both of a color? Ditto—between an old maid and a *matchless* girl. Who is that fine creature? Do you think her so very handsome. Ay, don't you. Oh she's well enough. *Well enough!* not a *miss*, hey? Precisely; you have hit it—or as the English would say, you have *it hit*. Strange that the simple word goat should not be traced directly to its true origin go-at—and *beat* to be-at—legends from leg-ends—feet, feats? Why is a fellow in hand-cuffs like Mr A. B!—because both are dealers in hard *wear*. What is meant by lip-service?—hollow-hearted kissing, hey? I don't see much of him now. How could you? he is only five feet four. It is rather singular that Napoleon Buonaparte's first heir was lost by a miss-carriage. The Empress in stepping into her coach, missed the step—and lost her husband an empire. Here was a right application of the word, etymologically considered, but in more than half the cases, if tables of population tell the truth, a miss-carriage ought to be called a master carriage, and regarded as the commonest thing in the world. Title for a story—or a carricature by Johnston—The young lawyer's first attachment.—*Pshaw!*

Pronunciation. Sir! I beseech you—don't *stain* the entry. What could the dear creature mean? She spoke rather hurriedly to be sure, but, after all what could be her meaning? Guess.—Do you give it up? Don't *stay in* the entry. The very same difference that the English and the Americans, make in the work *coat*, would make this request a compliment or an insult.

Unadulterated Yankee. I'll be there *to rights*; ain't nary one o' them books yourn? They're all good enough *ary* one'll do for me.

Ambiguity. Does he allow her to eat *anything*? Written, here is a question full of ambiguity. Spoken, it is perfectly clear—a child would understand it. Does he allow her to eat anything—that is *everything*?—or does he let her eat anything—in other words does he keep her without food—i. e. oblige her to eat *nothing*?—what is the poor girl crying for?—*For a kiss.* That very answer, we have happened to hear, and from the mother of the girl herself—as modest a creature as ever cried for anything. She's got a good head of hair *coming out* very fast.—Query to the meaning on paper.

The small-sword versus a sledge-hammer.

You are no gentleman, sir!

Indeed!—and what are you prey?

A gentleman, every inch of me!

Then sir—allow me to thank you for the compliment.

N.

Language. How wonderful and yet how unheeded are the changes of meaning about us! To over-work and to work over—to set up and to up set—to look over and to over-look—to overthrow and to throw over are not more unlike in their significations, albeit the etymology of each pair is the same than a multitude of other phrases now getting slowly but surely into general use.—*Gump* and *gumption* for example. A gump is a fool—a man of gumption, clever and shrewd. If we had leisure we might mention fifty other cases—quite as common, if not altogether so classical. Take the cant phrase *to do*—Lyndley Murray would call it a *verb*—it is in everybody's mouth now, and Yorkshire in its origin. Such a fellow is *done*—There goes John *Done* Hunter, the white Indian: You'll find it no such easy thing to *do* him—he *did* all he had to do with—These and many more are as plentiful as blackberries, and fuller of significance by far, may be heard any hour in the day. In most cases, if not all, however, doing is undoing. By the way—what is the difference between landed-property and property landed?

N.

Progress of opinion. But the other day as it were, the Russians were beards, the Turks petticoats, and their women padlocks, and the favorites of the ruler both in Algiers and in Turkey, if they walked fast, might catch one another's heads as they fell by the flash of the cimetar.—Now the Russians go shaved—and sometimes washed, the Turks wear trowsers—and their women go abroad without corsets or veils. The Dey has become a wanderer, and the Sultan himself a Radical—another Don Quixote for heroic enterprizes. O Dey—and Knight—but this is wonderous strange! as Shakespeare says.

N.

Another independent beggar. Saw a beggar at work by the way side under a magnificent old oak.—What are you doing there? said I. *Collecting my rents* he replied. He was mending a pair of old breeches, by putting the edges of the rents together.

A manager. All the world's a stage—as Oliver Goldsmith says. The every day manager of a doctor is called out of church every Sunday, or employs a number of persons to knock for him by the hour, so as to disturb the whole neighborhood: if to lawyers, he goes to the jail once a month, and hires the small thieves to retain him, appears for every stranger when the doctor is called over, or volunteers in every abandoned case. Not so with the man of genius. He writes a letter attending to important cases—acknowledging in few words the receipt of a large fee, and directs it to another person; or begins in the latin, or French or Spanish, written hurriedly, and crossed with a single dash of the pen, as if it were all the same to the writer whether he wrote in his own language or another's—he is hardly sensible of the difference. Two or three touches of this kind, and he is made forever. Or, if he could manage to talk about the [illegible] of Niagara as if alone of all the world had the courage to tell the truth of that prodigious humbug (as Leigh Hunt calls it [illegible],) as he went singing his way through the overhanging woods, with white kid gloves on, that were enough to set him a going for life.

N.

TO READERS.

'Lost and Won'—a Tale—next week.

Boston and Providence Railroad. We are happy to announce the completion of this great work. A train of cars came over the road yesterday, with the locomotive Whistler, in one hour and forty-[illegible] minutes; the rails [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible].—*Providence Journ.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

We are indebted to Capt Macy, of the ship Champlain, for Havre papers to June 16th, and Paris to the 17th, containing London dates to the evening of the 13th.—*J. Com.*

The Moniteur contains officially the law for the payment of the American claims, agreeably to the votes of the two Chambers.

The Duke of Wellington has withdrawn his notice of a motion relative to Spanish affairs. Recruits for the Spanish service were enlisting in great numbers. The Moniteur contains a decree permitting French subjects to engage in the service of Spain, without being liable to the loss of any of their privileges. The two governments are evidently acting in concert, and with as much energy as the nature of the case will admit.

The trials before the Chamber of Peers go on, but it is thought will soon be abandoned. Some of the prisoners, especially Carrier, turns out to be men of unexceptionable probity and great bravery and humanity.

It is a fact that the Duke of Orleans has made all the preliminary arrangements for a union with the Princess of Wurtemburg. Her hand, however, has not yet been officially demanded.

Bilboa is said to have fallen into the hands of the Carlists;—that Burgos has proclaimed a republic;—and that a serious insurrection had taken place in Arragon in favor of the revolution of 1812. The funds experienced in consequence a slight abatement.

Later. The Packet Ship Roscoe, Capt Delano, arrived at New York on Thursday! and brought London dates to June 23d, and Liverpool to the 24th.

A dreadful accident occurred at the launch of a schooner at Lincoln. The vessel upon entering the water turned completely over. One hundred persons were on board, most of whom were saved, but the dead bodies of two children had been dragged on shore, and many persons were still missing.

100 lives were lost by the explosion of a Coal Mine near Newcastle.

William Cobbett died in London on the 19th of June.—The event is announced by his son in the Register, in a style so characteristic of the Cobbett, that one might almost imagine the ghost of the defunct dictated it.

The British Legion, raising for an expedition to Spain was expected to sail in a few days. The whole force to be raised in Great Britain is 10,000 men. Zumalacarregui, the leader of the insurgents in Spain, is said to have been mortally wounded.

It is said that recruits are raising for Carlos, among the foreign residents in Germany.

The brig Carroll, Capt Young, arrived this morning, 8 days from Havana. Capt Y, informs us that on the 12th July, an insurrection took place amongst the blacks at work on the aqueduct; they refused to work, and broke into a store, arming themselves with knives, and killed three or four whites. In quelling them, sixteen were lanced by the troop of horse. About thirty were to be shot in a few days.—*Philadelphia Ex. Books of Monday.*

Buenos Ayres. By accounts by the Braganza, from this province, to the 9th of June, all was tranquil under the vigorous administration of Gov De Rosas.

The revenue cutter has returned to New Orleans from her cruise. She had a running fight with the Mexican armed schooner Montezuma—the latter running among the breakers off Brassoria. On landing, the boat's crew of the Ingham had some difficulty with those of the Montezuma. The Cutter had been despatched to watch slavers. On demanding the liberation of the passengers that had been imprisoned at Santiago, it was found they had been released some hours previously.

The Congress of New Grenada has abolished usury laws, and declared money an article of merchandize.

DOMESTIC.

Municipal. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, on Monday:

Messrs, William A. Andrews, James M. Allen, Samuel K. Bayley, William A. Brabiner, Coolidge & Haskell, Silas Field, Daniel Hersey, John Hall, jr. Julius A. Noble, William Palfrey, Frink Stratton, John Tyler, and Prentiss Whitney, licensed as Auctioneers, and their bonds approved.

Thomas P. Emmes appointed Foreman of Engine No. 9.

An ordinance further to provide for a system of accountability in the concerns of the City: passed in concurrence with the Common Council.

Petition of H. G. Otis and others, that the proposed walk may be carried through the burial ground at the bottom of the common: referred to the committee on the common.

Petition of Charles Holbrook and others to have Leverett street paved: referred.

Petition of P. T. Jackson, agent of proprietors of land between Tremont and Somerset streets, praying that the lines and levels may be taken of those streets where they are about building: referred.

Ann-street ordered to be widened near Blackstone str.

The subject of widening a part of Broad street postponed to the next year.

The committee on public buildings were instructed to cause to be painted and whitewashed the upper hall of Faneuil Hall building, and the entry leading thereto.

Application of Messrs. Fuller, to remove their Circus to South Boston for one week, not granted.

Application of John L. Bert, for a license to exhibit the statue of Cleopatra: referred.

Drain in Northampton street to be repaired.

We learn, says the Norfolk Herald, 'that William Gwynn Jones, who was lately committed to jail for robbing the Baltimore Post Office, has been released from prison, on giving bail in the sum of $6000, to appear at his trial.'

At a meeting of the Bar of Ohio, at Columbus, it was resolved that Daniel Webster should be invited, on behalf of the Bar of the United States, to deliver an Eulogy on the life of the late John Marshall.

Several of the gamblers chased from Vicksburg and Natchez, Miss, have arrived at New Orleans. Several flat boats were passed on the river with the banished residents of Vicksburg and 'Natchez under the Hill.'

By an arrival from Matanzas at New Orleans, we learn that four hundred men had been ordered from Vera Cruz to Texas.

By the Charleston Courier of the 20th inst. we hear that another attempt was made, the evening previous to that date, to fire the city. The danger was imminent, but by early and spirited exertions, the progress of the flames was arrested.

By the same paper, we have information of the arrest and committal of two white slave stealers. The crime was clearly established, and the parties, Boudre & Mitchell, of Georgia, were bound in $5000 for their appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes and Miss Charlotte Barnes are playing at Nashville, Tenn.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Charles Child to Emily Boyden; Shermon Richardson to Mary Ann Smith; Stephen Goodwin to Elizabeth Sherburn Grant; Holland M. Reed to Mary R. Sawyer; Henry Yeaton to Ruthy K. Miller; George M. Thacher to Sarah Elizabeth Williams; Jeremiah Rogers to Eleanor Demrell; Samuel Blasland to Sarah W. Chaney; Johnson Parkman, of Savannah, Geo. to Lucy Rogers of Boston.

At Dedham, Charles B. Porter to Abby Bowditch.

At Brighton, Albert Towne to Mary Ann Hastings.

At Lynn, Aaron Green 2d, of Malden, to Sarah C. Parker.

At Marblehead, Benjamin Graves to Lucinda Osborne.

At Ringe, N. H., Wm S. Rugg to Clarissa Sawtell.

At Chatham, N. Y., Dennis S. Gushee, of Raynham, Mass. Teacher of Windham High School, Ct. to Julia L. daughter of Rev Stephen Hull, of Carlisle, Mass.

At Hudson, N. Y., Richard P. Dana, of Boston, to Juliette H. Starr.

At Buenos Ayres, 19th May, Henry H. Jones, of this city, to Caroline Allen, of Bradford, Mass.

DEATHS,

In this city, William Ritchie, merchant, 57; William Goddard, merchant; Mrs Sarah F. Shannon, 52; Sarah Ann, youngest child of Peter Hemmenway, 6 mo; Miss Eliza Stedman, 25; Morrell Sargent, son of Amos Sargent, of Wells, Me. 22; Mrs Mary Ann Blake, 19; John Kerr, 46.

At Charlestown, Isaac Delano, 30, a very worthy and respected member of the Boston Brigade Band.

At Chelsea, James Ingalls, 73, formerly of Salem; John Fenno, 70.

At Brookline, Miss Susan Cheever, 22.

At West Cambridge, Henry, eldest son of Emerson Parks, 15.

At Salem, Andrew Dunlap, Esq. late U. S. District Attorney, 29.

At Stow, Lyman F. only child of Forbes H. Oliver, of Boston, 13 mos.

At Cohasset, Thomas A. Rich, of the senior class of Harvard University, 20.

At New York, Richard Anderson, 80. He served as a soldier under Lafayette and Washington at the taking of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, and most of the principal battles of the Revolution.

At Harrodsburg, Ky. Mrs Mary, wife of Major Thomas P. Moore, late U. S. Minister to Colombia.

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 46 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and fashionable Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valencia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; [illegible], Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be [illegible] for the like articles, by any others in Boston. [illegible] may 2

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE

AMERICAN GALLERY,

SUMMER STREET.

OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock with a collection of 150 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.

Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents. H. C. PRATT.

june 20

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION

OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW! THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER—THE AUTOMATON TRUMPETER—ROPE DANCERS—MELODIUM, &c. &c.

At *CONCERT HALL*, takes place every evening, except Saturday, to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Admittance 50 cents. Children half price. july 4

DIXON & READ'S

OXY-HYDROGEN

MICROSCOPE,

WITH A MAGNIFYING POWER of UPWARDS of

6,000,000 TIMES!

IS FITTED UP AT BOYLSTON HALL,

WHERE IT MAY BE SEEN FOR A SHORT TIME.

IT will exhibit its wonderful effects in developing the hitherto unknown Creation. Here may be seen, in a single drop of water, as it were monsters of the deep revelling in a vast ocean; and what appears to the naked eye but 'as the dust of the balance,' is found teeming with life, in all the busy modes and variety of existence. Among the number of inanimate objects are some fine Anatomical Dissections, Stings, Trunks, Wings, Exuvia of Insects, Cuttings of Wood, &c.

This Instrument is not, like the Solar Microscope, dependent on the uncertain light of a cloudless sky, which but too often disappoints the anxious and expecting auditor, and must be seen in the day time, or not at all. The *OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE* depending on artificial light, can be seen in the evening—a time better adapted to the man of business, as well as every other member of the community. Every object is most accurately defined, perfectly achromatic, and exhibited with a brilliancy not to be surpassed. The intense light produced by the combustion of these Gasses, affords a brilliancy equal to that of the Sun, and renders the *exhibition always certain.*

Tickets of admission 25 cents, to be had at the Bookstore of Marsh, Capen & Lyon, and at 380 Washington-street, opposite Boylston Hall.

Exhibition to commence on MONDAY EVENING, July 27th, at 8 o'clock, precisely, and to continue every evening in the week, (Saturday excepted.) july 25

CLEOPATRA.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Exhibition of the celebrated Statue of Cleopatra, which has been visited by thousands in New York and Philadelphia, and which has been so highly commended by the first daily and periodical newspapers of said cities, is now open in this city, at Harding's Gallery, School street. august 1

BOSTON AND LOWELL

RAIL ROAD.

THE Cars will continue to run, till further notice, as at present, viz—

Leave Lowell at 6 A. M. and 2 1-2 P. M.

Leave Boston at 9 A. M. and 5 1-2 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

As soon as burthen cars can be provided, notice will be given for the transportation of merchandise.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.

june 27 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati praeponenda sint.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The Life of Edmund Kean.

Francesca Carrara. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. Gould's Poems—New Edition.

The American Anti-Slavery Almanac, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

MANTEL GRATES.

THE Subscribers have just completed and have for sale, some very neat and handsome Cast Iron MANTEL GRATES, which are offered for sale at very low prices.

Also, a good assortment of Russia Sheet Iron and small chamber Grates and Stoves of all descriptions.—Purchasers are requested to call and examine their assortment before purchasing.

LEAVITT & BATES,

july 18 1mis 16 Union-street.

STOCKS, &C.

STOCKS, Summer Stocks, Cravats, Linen Collars, Bosoms, Shirts, Suspenders, Drawers, Hosiery, Gloves, &c. of the latest fashions, most improved forms, and best quality; now opening and constantly receiving, and for sale by DARWIN CHAFFIN,

At his Manufactory and Furnishing Store, 30, Washington-street.

☞ WANTED—Fifty Stock-Makers and Seamstresses. 3t july 18

STOCK AT COST.

THE Subscriber having concluded to close his business, offers for sale his stock, with a lease of the store now occupied by him. The above presents a fine opportunity for any one wishing to commence business, the stand being first rate, and having its share of good customers. The stock will be retailed at cost, and consists of a good assortment of Wrought and Plain Shell and Horn Combs, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Engravings, &c; a few copies of the French engraving of the Declaration of Independence on hand, which will be sold low, to close them. J. FRANCIS KIMBALL,

july 25 6w 16 Hanover-st.

STRAW CARPETINGS,

AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,

july 25 414 Washington street.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

WATER PROOF PREMIUM

GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE-NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks,—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets and beds complete—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most popular remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or correcting it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives [illegible]. [illegible] Prepared by H. Butler, [illegible] London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, [illegible], 46, Hanover street, [illegible] june 5

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52, Water st.

may 16 1otf

NEW JEWELRY

ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 85, Washington-street, Joy's Building.—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

april 18 1s3m

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. Hugh L. White, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election. july 18

BLANK BOOKS AND

STATIONARY.

CONSTANTLY for sale, by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington-street, a complete assortment of Blank Day Books—Ledgers—Journals—Wastes—Sales Books—Cash Books—Manuscripts—Memorandum Books—Note and Receipt Books—Writing Books, &c. &c.

Blank Books manufactured to order, after any pattern required.

Stationary of all kinds—Cap, Letter, Pot, Folio, Post and other Paper—Quills—Slates—Wafers—Ink—Drawing Paper—Music Paper—Drawing Pencils, &c. &c.

Blank Deeds—Bills of Lading—Leases—Bills of Exchange—Drafts—Warrantee Deeds—Mortgage Deeds, &c. &c.

☞ Warranted on as good terms as can be purchased in the city. 1st july 18

RESTORATEUR.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken Cellar No. 7, Congress Square, where he intends to furnish hot Dinners in every variety that can be found in the most respectable establishments of the kind in the city.

The subscriber would beg leave to say that he will spare no pains to make it every way a convenient and desirable place for those who may favor him with their patronage. ORRA GOSS.

july 4 tf

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire New Stock of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

SAMUEL C. BISHOP respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken Store No 172 Washington street, (formerly occupied by Cushman, Bassett & Co.) where he intends keeping a prime assortment of Boots and Shoes, of all descriptions; and will also manufacture to measure, ladies' Shoes, of the best workmanship and style. He hopes by strict personal attention to his business to gain a share of public patronage, and particularly of the customers of the old stand. 5t june 20

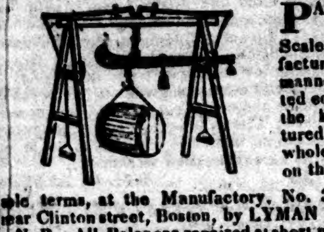
WIGHT'S

LASTS & BOOT-TREES.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT-TREES*, of the best patterns, at No. 30, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the Golden Last.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and of seasoned stock, under the superintendence of his father Charles Wight—the patronage of whose former friends and customers is respectfully solicited.

may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

SIX MONTHS IN A

HOUSE OF CORRECTION,

OR, the Narrative of Dorah Mahony, who was under the influence of the Protestants about a year, and an inmate of the House of Correction, in Leverett-street, Boston, nearly six months in the year 18—. With some preliminary suggestions by the committee of publication.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 4

GLASS DOOR PLATES,

DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS.

MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the New England Glass Company—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—Specimens of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Ware House, No 140 Washington street Boston. 6m nov 1

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞ A large discount made for cash. april 4

INDIA RUBBER WATER

PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Cape with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth.

Samples can be examined as above.

☞ Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

august 9 tf

PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,

may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Annstreets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 ly

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,

INSTRUCTER OF THE

SPANISH LANGUAGE,

AND OF

DRAWING.

feb 7 Joy's Building, Room, No. 24.

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS; LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

☞ *All Lynn Advertisements appear upon the inside of the Galaxy. The advertiser should mark the number of insertions he desires; otherwise his advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.*

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:

Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few flowers gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of sea-shells gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united;—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors, at Lynn, or by H. Hastings Weld, Editor of the N. E Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

BIBLES.

SCOTT'S Family Bible; Common Family Bibles, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglott Bible and Testaments to match. And a great variety of editions, in elegant and strong bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.

THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for *PRINTING* of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL.

Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED.

BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationary and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c.

Lynn, Feb 14

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Camblets, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings, Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.

ROPES & LAMSON.

R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn. sept 20.

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,)

CASES 32. 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;

Cases 30 in. do do do do Plain;

do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;

do 30 in. do English do do very superior;

do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;

do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.

Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.

july 11

SIX MONTHS IN A

HOUSE OF CORRECTION

B. B. MUSSEY, No. 29, Cornhill, will publish on Wednesday next—Six Months in a House of Correction, or, the narrative of Dorah Mahony, who was under the influence of the Protestants about a year, and an inmate of the House of Correction in Leverett-street, Boston, Mass. nearly six months in the year 18—, with some preliminary observations by the Committee of publication. 3tis june 27

DRY GOODS,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to *shrink* in *washing*.

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.

4 do col'd American do.

4 do col'd Dometts.

3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.

1 do do Furniture Dimoty.

1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.

Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.

Cases of English and American Prints.

Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.

Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.

Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.

1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.

Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.

1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.

Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pr yd.

1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.

2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.

2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.

1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.

4 do American Sewing Cotton.

5 bales Russia Crash.

3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.

1 case English Pins.

7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAB STONE BREWER.

may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

DRY GOODS.

THE Subscriber having just received his full assortment of

RICH SPRING GOODS,

from the late importations, is now prepared to offer to his friends and customers a very rich and extensive assortment, consisting in part of the following, viz—

1 case super rich col'd fig'd Silks,	80 cts
1 do do do do Poult de Soie,	75
1 do do do do and blue blk do	62 1-2
1 do do do do do do Gro de Naples,	50
1 do do do do do do do	42
1 do do fellow edge Gro de Swiss,	75
1 do do do do do do	70
1 do do white do do	62 1-2
1 do do rich 4-4 pink French Prints,	50
1 do do de new style French Ginghams	36
1 do do do do London do	25
1 do do do do do do Prints,	25
3 cartoons super rich French Fancy Silk Hdkfs from	25 cts to $1
3 do do do red Merino Shawls from	$ 50 to $16

Together with a great variety of Gloves, Hose, Corded Skirts, Fancy Hdkfs, Linens, Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Bishop Lawns, Corded Cambrics, Laces, Edgings, Insertings, Wor'd Bland, Cravats, Lace Veils, White Gauze Flannels, Diapers, Crash, Cottons, &c. &c.—all of which will be freely shewn and offered at the above corresponding low prices by CALVIN [illegible].

No. 73, Hanover, corner of Marshall-st. Boston.

april 4 6m

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at [illegible] KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

IMPROVEMENT OF

DENTAL SURGERY.

DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, as recently introduced in *Paris*, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palette: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink, Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

LANDS IN ROXBURY.

FOR SALE—House and Garden Lots, on very liberal terms: they are situated near the Rev. Mr. Putnam's meeting house, and known by the name of the "Porter Purchase." Between twenty and thirty acres have been laid out into lots of from 8000 to 20,000 feet, suitable for buildings of any class, and surpassed by none in the vicinity of Boston, for beauty of prospect, healthful air, excellence of water, and every convenience in relation to churches, schools, markets, hourly coaches, &c. &c. The roads are laying out, one of which reaches from Dedham turnpike to Centre street, and presents a great variety of pleasing positions. Any persons wishing to select Cottage and Garden Lots, at reasonable prices, will have an opportunity to do so any time previous to the 6th of June, when those not taken up will be sold at auction. For particulars and terms, to suit, apply to either of the subscribers.

JONA. DORR,
ALVAH KITTRIDGE,
NATH'L DORR,
may 30 PETER WAINWRIGHT.

MATTRESSES, FEATHER

BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.

june 27

LADIES FRENCH SHOES.

1 CASE *FRENCH SHOES*, 'Joly's' manufacture, (*a superior article*) containing Lace Morocco Walking Pumps; blk Morocco Kid and Satin Slips, bronze and other colors.

Also, one case do do 'Este's' manufacture.

The above together with a good assortment of Ladies, Misses' and Childrens' *SHOES*, of every description, are offered for sale on the best terms, by WILLIAM F. HAYNES,

march 28 ep3m 246, Washington street.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced.

Juvenile Music is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Professors Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hartford and Boston, among those who have given their signatures to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Rossel, Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos. in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schroeder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Mor Phil'y Columbian College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
S D Townsend, M D. J V C Smith, M D.
S A Shurtleff, M D.
W F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adams School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Cha's K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. [illegible]; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C, [illegible]; Richmond, Va. Richard D. [illegible]; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M. & M. Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. [illegible].

may 2

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the last received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES,

august 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Winchester Republican.]

NAPOLEON IN EGYPT.

'Foremost among the first,
And bravest of the brave,
Where'er the battle's fury burst,
Or rolled its purple wave,
There flashed his glance like a meteor
As he charged the foe afar,
And the snowy plume that his helmet bore
Was the banner of Murat.' [*Wetmore.*

At morn from rich Rosetta, an Othman saw afar
A vast host moving gallantly—brave men and steeds of war;
From low Roumania wound they forth along old father Nile,
And twisted horns of many tones rang haughtily the while,
And when in joy from line to line each steed to other neighed,
It seemed that to the bugle's voice the bugle answer made;
Brave flags and plumes moved wantonly against the purple sky—
It was the hero of the Po—with France's chivalry!
A cavalier with girlish cheek and girlish brow and hair,
Rode rapidly where Nile's slim palms spring gently into air:
No starker rode by Askalon in days of old romance,
When Phillip wore upon his scarf the *fleur de lis* of France,
His steed was desert born!—where Balkh amid the desert stands
His ivory hoof and fetlock frail had swept the silver sands.
O, first in hall and lady's bower—first in the ranks of war!
Much honor and much glory be upon thy head, Murat!
And there were noble Kleber,—and Julius-souled Menou,
And granite-hearted Fugieres—the haughty and the true,
And Julien rode along the ranks, in melancholy mood,
His glance aye wandering heedlessly above the rippling flood.
A weight was on his spirit—a weight oft felt before,
A sybil held before his lip a beaker red with gore:—
Tho' 'born to do a soldier's deeds' with iron hearted men,
He thought of gentle ones among the valleys of Guienne.
The chief of all that mighty host at speed of arrow came—
He bears the Eagle trumpet,* and his eye and soul are flame.
And now as far as eye can see the ranks are ranks of stone,
As motionless: The hero speaks in stern and stately tone:
'Soldiers,' he said, and glanced around, 'the foe is on the field,
'And fame indites him dastard now who would his honour yield,
'Look forth on yonder storied hills and mystic pyramids:
'*Remember fifty centuries look down upon your deeds!*
'Long live the chief of Lodi—the victor of the Po!'
And with the shout the wide air rang:—Each line reeled to and fro,
The Mameluke and Bedouin, upon the hills away,
Have heard the cry and onward come like spotted pards at play,
Frail silks of Schiraz hang in nets upon their chargers' flanks
And gorgeous plumes are nodding high above their dazzling ranks.
The sun ne'er saw a goodlier sight since Bedu's bloody glen,
And rocky Chalbar reel'd beneath young Ali's turban'd men!
'Vive la republique! Bear them down—down with the dogs of hell!'
The shock is by;—Its havoc wild, a thousand dead will tell.
Le Turq is down; Morangei bleeds, and Lasne's life ebbs out,
But ye Murat's stern cry may hear above the Allah shout,
And still his white plume waves aloft o'er caif and cimetar
As whilome waved the banner plume of Henry of Navarre.
Again!—again!—That thunder peal from off the battle cloud
Would jar each crumbling nerve, and call dead Henry from his shroud.
'Allah—Allah Acbar!'—With long arm, dark and bare,
And bloody blade, stern Mustapha rides down the ranks of war,
His Damascene in many a heart that day had been imbued,
And quivers now above his brow a crescent dimmed with blood.
'Dark girls are in Rosetta—dark girls with Houri eyes,
But one is there whose loveliness would make earth paradise
'To him who wins yon plume I give the blossom of Cashmere,
'The *Hur al oy un* † opes on him who slays yon christian cur!'
But when the wearied sun went down and came the stars of night,
Murat's white plume still sent abroad its phosphorescent light,
And thro' the silent heaven—in lieu of word of grief—
Rang joyously the martial shout 'Long live our gallant chief!'
Alas! the worms have been at work:—have fattened on his heart,
But Corsica gave Earth a name whose links will never part;
And with it Fame has wound for aye the bright name of Murat—
The wooer with the silken curls—the thunderbolt of war!

L. L.

* The *nesser cane*—the Eagle Trumpet of the East.
† The black eye—the compounds of the word *Houri.*

[From the American Monthly Magazine.]

THE DUEL.

A TRUE STORY—FROM THE FRENCH.

During the few years which immediately preceeded the insurrection of the negroes of St. Domingo, who were aided and abetted by England, merely because France had yielded some service to America during the war of independence, this fine French colony had reached the summit of prosperity. Perseverance and industry had amassed within the island more gold than mines had ever yielded to the Spaniards, but in its train came all the vices of luxury and dissipation. Under the burning tropical sun, men's passions, by nature ardent, became violent, and ungovernable, when wealth gives them unbounded, opportunities of indulging them.

At the time to which I refer, 1788, the prevailing passion at St. Domingo, was that of gambling. But these games which require either skill or calculation, did not suit these modern Sardanapulses.—They required for their amusement, games the success of which depended on chance alone; games where one bet will swallow a large sum—games at which men lose, or gain fortunes, by the throw of a die.

These professed gamblers had recourse to dice to stimulate their slumbering energies, and it was not an uncommon thing to see a whole plantation, or a princely dwelling put up at stake. A dozen dice would be thrown on the table, the gambler would select three, which decided his fate. In 1788 then, if my memory be a true one, the son of a rich sugar planter held the rank of captain in the regiment of Port au Prince. Capt Sevrey was about twenty-six or seven years of age, and though heir to an immense fortune, he had entered the army from choice. He had no rivals in the colony, in all manly athletic exercises, and was a particular good swordsman and marksman, but though brave unto rashness, he never abused his skill. But high spirited and impetuous, he had already been engaged in a number of duels, in which he received many and few scratches; while his better directed aim had made a fearful and bloody chasm in the society of St. Domingo.—Though possessing many good qualities, Sevrey was more feared than liked, for all his frankness and manliness could not always obliterate the remembrance of his impetuous & unfortunate propensity for fighting. It is hardly necessary, I presume after this account, to say that he was a gambler.

One evening a few were assembled in the chief gambling house of Port au Prince and were amusing themselves for a few dollars, until the gamblers collected in sufficient numbers to animate the game. A French naval officer, commanding a frigate then in the port, entered the tavern and walked directly towards the bar, to get some lemonade. As he passed by the table where they were playing he perceived a few pieces of money before the players. 'Who will throw?' exclaimed Sevrey, 'I will' replied the naval officer. He approached the table carelessly threw his dice, without watching to see the result of his efforts, he returned to the bar to finish his glass of lemonade. 'Captain Montfort,' cried Sevrey, you have won;' and he immediately pushed towards his fortunate adversary a large pile of gold. At the sight of this enormous sum, Capt Montfort who thought he had only risked a dollar or two looked perfectly amazed, and pushing aside the heap of gold, he said, 'Gentlemen I should be very greatly wanting in delicacy, if I appropriate this sum as if I had honourably won it. I assure you that when I joined in the game I thought I was only playing for the moderate sum, I saw on the table.—Therefore I cannot, will not take this money.' 'Take it, Captain,' said Sevrey, 'It is assuredly yours; and if you had lost instead of winning you would have paid it.'—'Indeed, Sevrey,' replied Montfort, 'you are much mistaken, if you suppose so. I should not have thought myself bound to pay such a sum had I lost it, and having won I will not take it.' 'You would have paid it Captain Montfort had you lost,' exclaimed Sevrey, imperiously; 'I tell you, you would.' There was something in the tone and manner, even more than in the language, of Sevrey, which displeased the naval officer, and which prompted him to answer tartly. This produced another imperious reply from Sevrey; and when their friends would have interfered to part them, they found it was too late. Each party considered himself so insulted, so grieved, that the duel was inevitable.

'Captain Montfort,' said Sevrey, 'I do not wish to take any undue advantage of you, and I know, that, both with sword and pistol, I am your superior. Therefore to make all fair, I propose to you, that a pistol be loaded by a third person, and that we should toss up for the first fire; and let the winner blow out his adversary's brains.'—' Agreed replied Montfort in a low firm tone.

The whole company shuddered at this horrible proposal. Some of the players left the house, unwilling to witness this bloody scene; others fill'd with brutal curiosity, gathered around the two gamblers, who seated facing each other, divided only by a table about four feet long, were patiently awaiting the preparations for the duel.

While the third person was loading the fatal pistol, in the presence of Sevrey and Montfort, a deathlike silence pervaded the whole assembly, and this awful stillness was unbroken, save by a few calm words exchanged between the adversaries, who alone, in this dreadful moment retained their self-possession. When the pistol was loaded, Sevrey and Montfort, took it and examined it in turn, to see that all was right, and then it was put on the table by the dice. It was decided that the highest number shoud be the winning one; each man took three dice, and it fell to the lot of the naval officer to throw first.

He shook with the utmost calmness the dice which were to decide a matter of life and death then threw them upon the carpet. The spectators sprang eagerly to the place where they fell, and proclaimed the number *eleven.*

'Captain,' said Sevrey, you have thrown skillfully, and the chances, I think, are in your favour. Now listen to me. If as I think it likely, you should be the winner, show me no mercy, for I declare to you on my honor, that if I am the favored one, you need expect no quarters at my hands—If either of us show mercy to the other, he is a coward.' 'Go on, sir,' said Montford, 'and spare your impertinence. I require no man to teach me my duty.'

Sevrey smiled ironically, and shook his dice as if preparing to play. The next moment the dice were rolling on the carpet, and in a faltering voice one of the bystanders called out, '*Fifteen.*'

The circle which had formed round the two officers, gave way voluntarily and clustered round Sevrey, while Captain Montfort, finding himself alone, still facing his enemy, rose instantly, and calmly and firmly waited Sevrey's approach.

'Your life is in my hands Montfort,' exclaimed Sevrey, seizing the pistol 'Commend your soul to God, for your hour has come.'

'Fire sir,' replied the manly soldier putting his hand upon his heart; 'an honest man is ever ready to die.' He had not time to say another word, the ball from Sevrey's pistol had fractured his skull, and covered with his blood, the spectators of this tragedy.

After this horrible duel, the whole blame of which was by common consent cast upon Sevrey, this young officer already dreaded by his fellow citizens, became the object of disgust and abhorence to them. Finding himself avoided by his best friends, he made no efforts to conciliate their favor, but returned contempt for contempt; hatred for hatred. When the insurrection broke out in St. Domingo, he enlisted in the ranks of the enemy, and fought under the orders of the English General Maitland.

He there exhibited great personal courage, and great military ability. The insurgents were indebted to him for all their victories until, the battle Des Irvis, where a ball killed him, just as the troops were gaining their most brilliant victory.

A laughable circumstance took place lately at Smyrna. A Russian corvette being in want of water, the Consul directed the officer in charge of the boat's crew to a fine fountain, near the Greek hospital, and in order that he might have no difficulty in finding it, sent with him a Turkish guard, without exactly explaining to the latter his object. It so happened that this same Turk was in the habit of accompanying Russian subjects to the Greek hospital not to procure water, but to be placed in confinement as a punishment for misdeeds, or because they were insane, and somehow or other imagining the officer to be in the latter case, he walked him in, delivering what he supposed to be his message, that they must take care of the mad gentleman! On his being thus unexpectedly seized, he began to swear, rave, and stamp at a terrible rate, and ended by explaining most lucidly in Russian, which nobody present understood, that they were altogether under a mistake. He then set again to abusing them, with threats of vengeance. His violent conduct of course confirmed the attendants in their impression that he was a man it was proper to put under restraint—the shackles were brought forth, and quickly transferred to the limbs of the astonished officer, who now commenced recalling to mind his peccadillos, wondering for which of them he was arrested. The Turkish guard went leisurely back to announce to the Russian Consul that the mad officer after an outrageous resistance had been safely secured! I need not tell the rest.—*Correspondence of the London Morning Herald.*

ANECDOTE. A few years ago a gentleman who held a situation in the—Auditor's office, was taken sick, and his physician almost despaired of his recovery. A Mr.——was soon made acquainted with the circumstances, and thirsting for the place which the sick man occupied in the office, collected recommendations from many prominent individuals. The next morning before the Auditor came the applicant was seen parading up and down the pavement, on the tiptoe of expectation, desiring, no doubt, that the sick man would immediately expire. At 9 o'clock the Auditor went into his office, and Mr.——followed. The Auditor had barely time to hang up his hat before the recommendations were handed to him, and the following dialogue then transpired;

'Good morning, Mr H.,
'Good morning, sir,'
'Here are recommendations, sir.'
'What for sir?'
'Why, sir, Mr.——is *almost* dead, and I am come for his place.'
'Is it possible! come for a man's place before he is dead!—ungrateful man—leave the office—your recommendations would be of no use, were the gentleman to die;' and very properly turned his back upon the unprincipled solicitor.—[*Paul Pry.*

THE PITCHER PLANT. Few plants, if we consider the structure of its foilage, are more interesting than the pitcher plant of southern India. It is found in Ceylon, Java and other islands in the Indian Archipelago.—It has been transplanted into several gardens in England, where it attains to great perfection.—Its stem is eighteen or twenty feet long. It branches out over the wires prepared to support it, and bears numerous leaves, in the form of a pitcher, and which look more like art than the production of nature. The leaf, inclosing the stalk, is two feet long. The pitcher is rather an appendage to the leaf, than the leaf itself. It is hollowed out like an elongated pitcher; and is eight or nine inches long. It is attenuated at its base, where it is curved or arched, and then suddenly turns upward. In its young state it is covered by a lid or oporculum. After a time, the lip opens, and the mouth of the pitcher is exposed to view. The colour is pale green, but often tinged or spotted with red and purple.

NEW BOOKS.

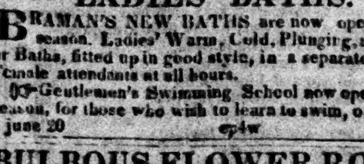
JENKYN ON THE ATONEMENT.—The extent of the atonement in its relation to God and the Universe. By Thomas W. Jenkyn. With an introduction, by Rev. Daniel L. Carroll, Pastor of the first Presbyterian Church, Brookline, N.Y.

The Influence of Mothers on the character, welfare and destiny of individuals, families and communities, illustrated in a series of anecdotes, with a preliminary essay on the same subject. By Charles A. Goodrich.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. june 27

NEW BOOK.

THE PASTOR'S TESTIMONY. By Rev. John A Clark. 2d edition. Revised and corrected by the author. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.
june 27



LADIES' BATHS.

BRAMAN'S NEW BATHS are now open for the season. Ladies' Warm, Cold, Plunging, and Shower Baths, fitted up in good style, in a separate building. Female attendants at all hours.

☞Gentlemen's Swimming School now open for the season, for those who wish to learn to swim, or bathe.
june 20 ep4w

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Vanilla, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gladiolus Natalensis, Tigridia Conchiflora, &c.
june 20

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles Stocks, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.
june 6

COPLAND'S

MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Brett's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others in July next. S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

BOSTON

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.
july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

NEW BOOKS.

EVERETT'S ORATION, delivered in Beverly on the Fourth of July.

A GUIDE FOR YOUNG DISCIPLES. By Rev. J. G. Pike. Religion and Eternal Life, or Irreligion and perpetual ruin.

'GO AHEAD.' DAVY CROCKET—The American Comic and the People's Almanac, for 1836.

THE WORKINGMEN'S ACCOUNT BOOK, in an easy and economical plan.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 8.

GOSLING'S PATENT FRENCH CHEMICAL

BLACKING.

THE undersigned have the pleasure to announce to the inhabitants of Boston and its environs that they have arrived in this city, to receive orders at wholesale for this excellent article. The various compositions now in use for polishing Boots and Shoes, have long been complained of as causing the leather to crack and become reddish. The undersigned have, however, been so fortunate, as to discover a process that will supercede those rather expensive compositions, to wit—a kind of Paste, which not only possesses the virtue of preserving the leather, and of giving it the most brilliant black, but requires only one fourth of the common blacking; it will not soil the whitest linen—renders the leather water proof, is warranted to retain its virtue in any climate, and to increase in beauty by age; its peculiar fragrance will easily distinguish it from spurious compositions. We have in our possession upwards of 10,000 Certificates, some from the first nobility in France, as well as from the republicans in the United States, and from many of the most eminent professors of Chemistry. To introduce this article to the public, Messrs. G. & Co. will supply this celebrated article at the same price as the common Blacking now in use. To prevent counterfeit, each box is marked with the signature of
L. GOSLING & CO.

All orders left at the Eastern Stage House, No. 84 Ann street, will be punctually attended to.

☞Reward of $1000 is offered by Messrs. G. & Co. to any person who will produce an article of better quality. july 25

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

367, WASHINGTON STREET.

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS* which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

J. BURRILL,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

73

CORNHILL.

july 11 6w

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.
Refer to Messrs.
ROB'T G. SHAW & Co. and
EDW. & WM. B. REYNOLDS.
BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods, at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.
june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.
april 25 414, *Washington-street*

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.
april 4

REMOVAL.

S. COLMAN, (successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.) periodical and wholesale publisher, has removed from 121 Washington street, to Nos. 18 and 20, Cornhill, (same building with R. P. & C. Williams) where will be continued the publication of the People's, Penny, and Parley's Magazines, Young Man's Guide, &c.—Also, the general agency of Waldie's Library, Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, and Foreign Quarterly Review, Alexandrian Library, Duff Green's Jurist, Medical Register, as well as of the other principal periodical publications throughout the United States.
july 11

THE ORIGINAL

GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 23

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,					
100 do	do	do	Plain	do	do
200 do	Medium quality	do	do		do
150 do	do	Stitched	do	do	do
300 do	Common do	Plain	do	do	do

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain, and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colored French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birds-eye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of fast color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.

These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

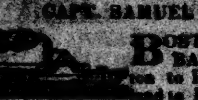
EDUCATION OF BOYS.

THE School of the subscriber has lately been removed from No. 26 Hancock street, to a room in the 3d story of the building directly in front of Harding's Gallery, School street.

Parents and others interested in the education of boys are invited to call whenever it may suit their convenience, and witness the accommodations, the conduct and ordinary exercises of his pupils. H. W. CARTER.
june 27 3t

STEAM PACKET BANGOR,

CAPT. SAMUEL H. HOWES.



BOSTON, PORTLAND, and BANGOR. Fare from Boston to Portland, $3; from Portland to Bangor, $4, and found.

The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Bangor, Capt Samuel H. Howes, will leave Boston every Saturday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor; arrives at Portland Sunday morning; leaves Portland same morning at 7 o'clock for Bangor; touching at Owlshead, Belfast, Bucksport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same evening. Leave Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.

For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.

This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strenght, equal to any in the United States. She is almost 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.

Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers. She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and cork Mattresses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.

Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes. She has been on the Salem railway, and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board, of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.

☞Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made. tf march 28

STEAMER

INDEPENDENCE.

ARRANGEMENT FOR JULY.

THE splendid and fast sailing Steam Packet INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thos. Howes, will make her first passage to Portland and Bangor, on TUESDAY next.

The following is the arrangement for July—*One trip a week—through by day-light*—

Will leave Lewis's wharf for Portland, Tuesdays at 7 o'clock, A. M. and Portland for Bangor, Wednesdays at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland, Fridays at 7 A. M. and Portland for Boston, Saturdays at 7 A. M.

Fare from Boston to Portland, $3—from Portland to Bangor, $4 and found.

For further information, apply to I. W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington-street, to the Captain on board, or to
M. W. GREEN, Agent.

☞No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

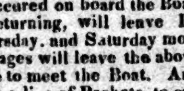
☞All freight and baggage at the risk of the owners thereof. july 11

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth	$2,00
Dover	2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick	2,25



STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

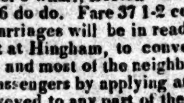
Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 58, Washington street. may 30

BOSTON AND HINGHAM.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THREE TRIPS A-DAY.



THE Steamboat GEN'L LINCOLN, Capt Geo. Beal, will, on and after MONDAY the 8th of June, leave Hingham—6 1-2 o'clock A. M., 10 1-2 do do, 4 do P. M.—Foster's wharf, Boston—8 1-2 o'clock A. M., 12 1-2 do P. M., 6 do do. Fare 37 1-2 cents.

Carriages will be in readiness, on the arrival of the boat at Hingham, to convey passengers to any part of that and most of the neighboring towns.

Passengers by applying at the Captain's office can be conveyed to any part of the city for 12 1-2 cts.

For further particulars apply to the captain on board, to Albert Fearing & Co. No 1 City wharf, or the subscriber.
DAVID WHITON, Agent.
Hingham, June 6, 1835. 3m

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH

MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 28 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf, in parcels to suit purchasers. 6m feb21

COCHRANE'S

FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the abovenamed works without thus obtaining duplicates of any.
S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.
june 20

SUPERIOR STYLE

OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city. Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.
feb 14 tf

WILLIAM ULMAN, AGENT,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURER, and dealer in FANCY ARTICLES, 252, Washington street—six doors south of Summer-street, Boston.

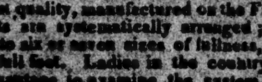
WILLIAM ULMAN, having a *BINDERY*, will devote his attention to binding New and Old Books of every description, at the lowest prices.

Particular care given to binding Music, gentlemen's Libraries, Newspapers, Periodicals and Pamphlets, &c.

Portfolios made to order. Paper ruled to any pattern. Printing and Engraving neatly executed.

Blank Books made to order, in the best style, at short notice.

Business and Visiting Cards executed in the best manner. may 23



READY MADE.

CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 2-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-5). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 138 Tremont street,
July 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of

SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhoea, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

Compound Syrup ICELAND MOSS

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs. f

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by
E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street. june 20

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED.

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines, and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remov biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may, with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.
JOHN W. TAYLOR.
Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.
Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.
JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.
ANN POWEL.
Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.
april 18 ly

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

TO TEACHERS.

GREENLEAF'S National Arithmetic, upon the Analytic and Synthetic Methods, in which the principles of Arithmetic are explained and illustrated in a perspicuous and familiar manner; containing, also, practical systems of Mensuration, Gauging, Geometry, Book-keeping, &c. and much practical information connected with Trade and Commerce, forming a complete Mercantile Arithmetic; designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. Preceptor of Bradford Academy.

The work will be comprised in about 300 pages of the duodecimo form, handsomely printed on good type and paper, and neatly and strongly bound.

The above work is in progress of printing, and will be published in August ensuing, by ROBERT S. DAVIS and GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Publishers of School Books, Boston.

☞Orders respectfully solicited. June 5

MASSACHUSETTS

BOTANIC INFIRMARY.

N. B. IF SICK OR LAME,

COLDS, coughs, chronic complaints, &c &c. cured with the vapor bath and a few roots or herbs, at 31 Washington street, opposite the Worcester Rail Road office.

References: Alpheus Adams, Barnstable—Joseph Converse, Brighton—John H. Young, Lowell—Capt E. Fish, Sandwich—Wm Eldrige, Harwich—Robert Schrader, Cambridge—Henry N. Carpenter, Goshen, N. H.—Nelson, Sutton N. H.—P G. Sheldon, New York—[illegible] Cleaveland, New Orleans.

Together with 1400 others, principally of this city; one of which was relieved in seven hours and cured in [illegible] days of brain fever or cold and delirium, after his physicians had given him up to die, and said he could not live 24 hours.

Another, a child sick with the croup, given over as incurable by one of the celebrated regular diploma physicians, and thought to be dying before I saw it, relieved in fifteen minutes well enough to ride out in three days, and recovered entirely in a short time.

Another—a gentleman who had been confined to his bed for some time, with the rheumatism—relieved so as to be able to walk, in twenty-four hours, and entirely cured in a few weeks.

Another, of the same complaint, cured in one week, after having previously been confined to his room for five months, with the same complaint, when under the fashionable mercurial blistering practice.

Another—a lady, with severe palpitation of the heart, so much relieved in one day as to regain her health in a few weeks, by using the simple medicine at her own house.

Another—a lady, who had been sick for a long time, and applied to several physicians, some of whom said she had the liver complaint, some consumption, some dyspepsia, others general debility, all of whom I think told the truth, so much relieved in one month, as to be able to be up all day and do some work, and now enjoys comfortable health.

I might continue this list till I should weary the reader's patience with numerous cures of all curable complaints which flesh is heir to, but shall close with a general invitation to all, both sick and well, to call and see for themselves, and if they are not fully satisfied that the Botanic System of Medicine is both safe and salutary, they can be referred to any of the above persons, who can speak from experience. that

"The simple herbs beneath our feet,
WELL US'D, relieve our pains complete,"

Syrups for coughs and colds for sale, together with a general assortment of Vegetable Medicines, wholesale and retail, at fair prices.
J. A. BROWN, B. P.
feb 14 tf

MRS. GRISWOLD'S

SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELD (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.
april 4 3m

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucous membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal. These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatuleney, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold.

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been [illegible] to the public, and its great powers [illegible]. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is, the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, as well as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 183 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 131 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. I. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath streets. 6m april 25

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphilitic inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling, and more or less of fever, when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well [illegible]. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 122 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally. Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt.) and [illegible], Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass.) [illegible], Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass.) John M. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.)